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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, November 28, 1975

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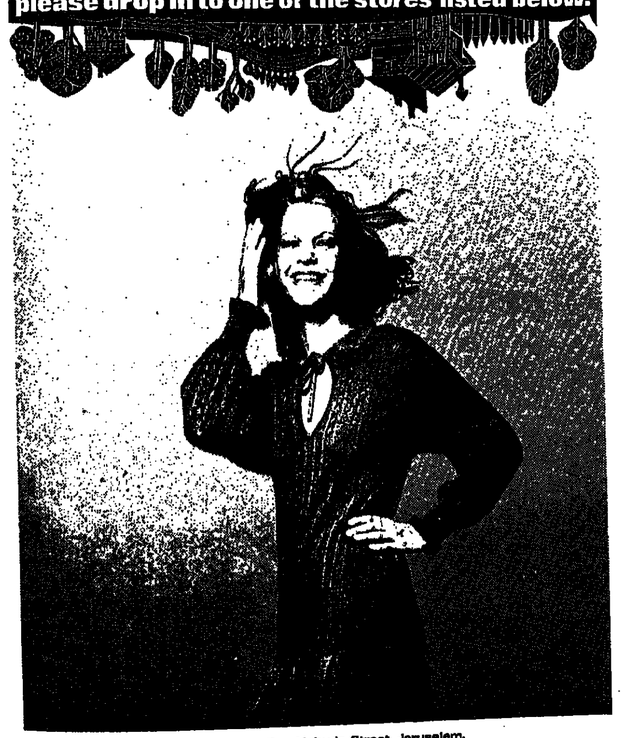

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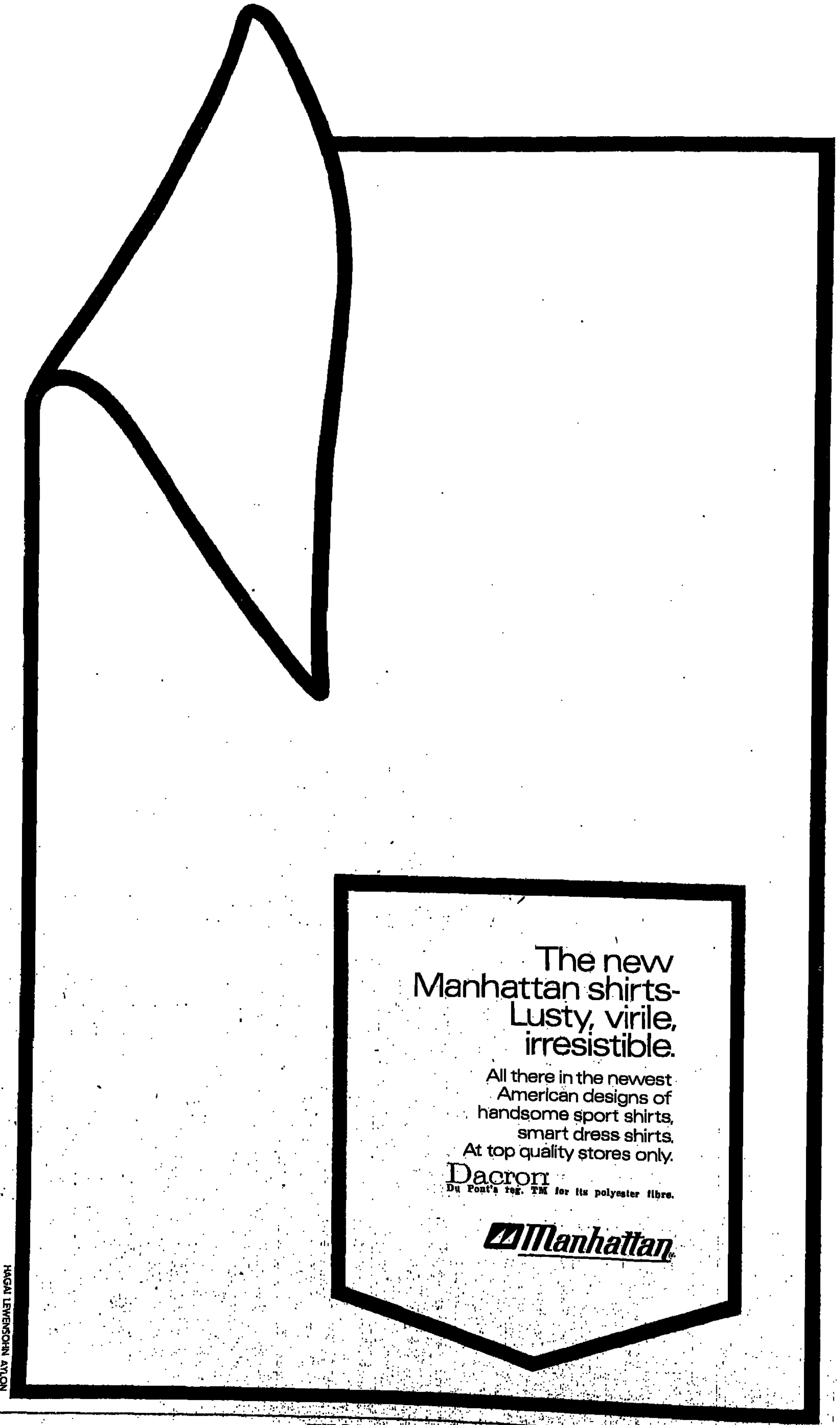


THE U.N. BATTLEFIELD

Israel's permanent representative to the United Nations, Ambassador CHAIM HERZOG, was home this week for high-level talks on matters connected with the extension of UNDOF's mandate in the Golan Heights. Post reporter DAVID LANDAU used the opportunity to hear about his hectic first three months at the glass house on New York's East River.

IT WOULD have been *och und vey* (terrible), says Chaim Herzog, the Irish lilt tingeing his Yiddish, had the General Assembly's two pro-PLO resolutions not been followed immediately by the anti-Zionist resolution. He did his very best to ensure their proximity.

"I saw the Zionist resolution as a fatal error on the Arabs' part. The PLO, who proposed it, were too dense to appreciate what it meant. But I think many Arab states realize their mistake now..."

The two pro-PLO resolutions, one proposed by Egypt calling for the PLO to be invited to Geneva, the other proposed by the PLO setting up a special UN committee to oversee the implementation of Palestinian rights, won huge majorities. Only a handful of Western countries voted with Israel. Most of Israel's other friends either abstained, or voted with the Arabs.

If the Arabs had left it there, says Herzog, the echoes of those two resolutions would still be resounding. As it was, they were dulled at once by the anti-Zionist resolution which lined up almost the entire Western world with Israel and drove deep wedges into the non-aligned bloc.

"The anti-Zionist resolution did more for us," Herzog says, "than years of pro-Zionist activity and thousands of speeches."

ALL THE MORE reason, therefore, to lament the utterly inadequate coverage which, Herzog feels, the anti-Zionist debate received in Israel. "There must be something wrong with the Israeli media," he says. Only three Israeli newsmen followed the Assembly debate from inside the chamber. Not one of the morning papers was represented.

New Yorkers, says Herzog were "glued to their televisions" watching the proceedings live on Channel 13. The channel has subsequently replayed the debate *six times*. Several networks in Europe have also shown the whole debate or large parts of it. Yet Israeli television viewers were given a paltry four-minute sliver of film.

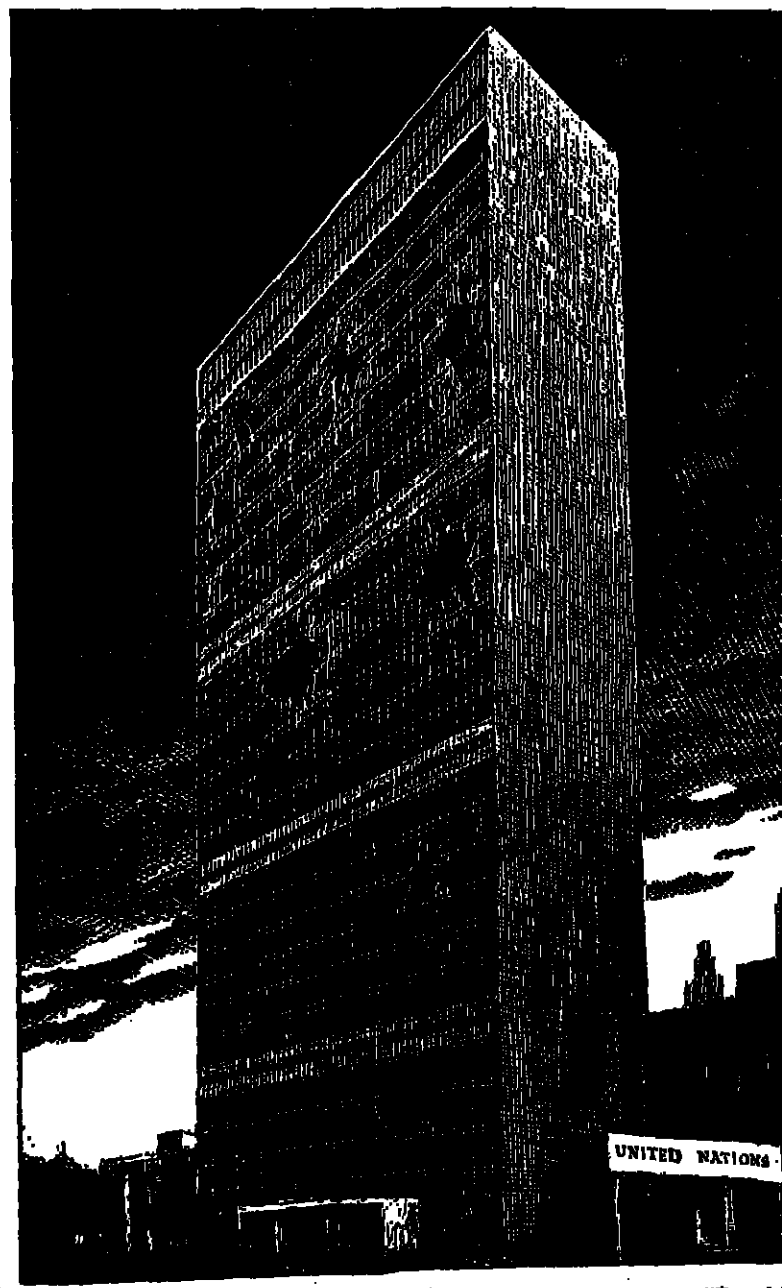
Herzog is proud of the speech he made, and says so frankly. It coupled sustained yet controlled indignation with a vivid presentation of Jewish and Zionist history, laced liberally but effectively with Biblical citations. Herzog "lifted" one or two passages of high rhetoric from his brother-in-law, Abba Eban — and he admits that frankly, too.

It was an historic occasion, and Herzog plainly felt the deep drama of it.

Tapes of the speech, produced by the UN, have been selling "like hot cakes" in America, Herzog says. A world-renowned artist has offered to illustrate the main themes of the speech — Kristallnacht, the Holocaust, Biblical Zion, "From Zion shall go forth the Law," the birth of Israel. A large publishing house is to produce it in book form (Herzog receives no royalties). "The New York Times" printed large chunks of it. No Israeli paper has so far seen fit to print it.

A televised replay of the debate would be "of tremendous educational value," Herzog believes: "One after another, delegates getting up and extolling Zionism. The Swede, the Briton, the Liberian, the Haitian, Father Nunez of Costa Rica..."

WHILE COVERAGE of the debate itself was fudged in Israel, there followed, of course, a tremendous outpouring of mass indignation, a mass reaffirmation of patriotism. Some was genuinely spontaneous, some perhaps less so. Certain actions, such as the changing of street names, were criticized here as overkill. Herzog finds it "all very healthy."


People who live in glass houses... *(Illingworth, in "Punch")*

This type of reaction — expressed, too, in the huge demonstration in New York, in mass rallies in scores of other Diaspora centres, in the "Jewish summit" planned for Jerusalem next week — is what Herzog was urging in his much-quoted, and much-maligned, address to the Presidents' Club in New York last month.

"My complaint was directed at the Jews in the top main centres of Jewry, Israel and the U.S. Here you were playing up Yehoshua Peretz while at the UN they were plotting to destroy Ashdod."

The address was made after the Third Committee vote, before the General Assembly resolution. The resolution, says Herzog, "has given world Jewry a great opportunity to reaffirm its commitment. It has stirred deep feelings among our people. I can only hope that world Jewish leadership will be capable of taking advantage of them..."

THREE TURBULENT and harrowing months at the UN, followed by three hectic days in Jerusalem this week, seemed to have tested even Herzog's stamina, though by no means weakened his resilience. Close to midnight on Tuesday he sighed heavily as he contemplated the prospect of a dawn flight back to New York. But though the flesh might be weak, his spirit seemed to anticipate the return to the fray almost with relish. "It is a tough challenge," he says of his job, with understatement. His recipe for remaining sane: "Have no illusions, and hang on to your sense of humour."

An Israel ambassador at the UN must recognize the world body for what it is — "a centre for attacking Israel." Fully one-third of the General Assembly's time has been spent on attacking Israel. The Arabs keep the pressure up relentlessly. Every anti-Israel move will automatically have 20 Arab delegates to speak for it, and a whole host of fellow-travellers.

Herzog flayed the Assembly for watching Lebanon "bleed to death" without so much as taking note of events there. The UN, he suggested from the rostrum, should have its name changed to the "United Nations Organization for the Castigation and Villification of Israel."

There was much laughter and many red Arab faces when Herzog said, as the Arab delegates trooped out when he mounted the rostrum, that it was "time they graduated from kindergarten-type politics." As a result, the Arab delegates now remain glumly seated when he speaks.

The Egyptians' rhetoric has become "a little more restrained" since the interim agreement. Behind the scenes the change has been more marked, but Egypt, now on the defensive in the Arab world, does not exercise a decisive influence over other delegations.

For instance, the original Egyptian draft proposal to invite the PLO to Geneva was moderately worded, but only Sudan and Oman agreed to sponsor it. Only when Egypt agreed to include last year's Palestine resolution in the text did most of the other Arabs endorse it, and even then Syria and Iraq refused to take part in the vote.

It is hard to say whether Egypt is fulfilling its undertakings under the interim agreement in respect of UN activities, since those undertakings seem to have been in the form of unspecific understandings only. The only written pledge was to refrain from harassing African states which might wish to restore their ties with Israel.

THE SOVIET DELEGATES, although they can be as offensive and vituperative as any Arab, have toned down their anti-Israel rhetoric of late. Herzog says there is "a mutual toning down — except on the Soviet Jewry issue, where we still go for them full blast."

The Soviets could, however, have secured the postponement of the anti-Zionism vote — if they so wished. But with the Chinese watching them eagle-eyed there was no real hope, says Herzog, that they would support the West's postponement bid.

Herzog has had no official contact with the Chinese as yet, but expects he will when Peking's envoy becomes president of the Security Council. One Chinese diplomat turned his back on Herzog when introduced at a party, explaining in a loud voice to the host that he could not talk to the Israeli envoy since their two states had no relations. But another Chinese diplomat, introduced to Herzog by an American senator, politely shook hands and exchanged pleasantries.

The Israeli Ambassador finds many opportunities to meet socially with Eastern Bloc and non-aligned diplomats. "The UN," he says, "is the world's best diplomatic marketplace." The cocktail circuit knows no distinctions between delegates whose states have relations and those who do not. "We are just a lot of human beings."

This is one of the chief advantages of UN membership — and one of the chief reasons why Israel should not, in a moment of passion, consider leaving the world body.

"That's what the Arabs want. Next year they're sure to try again to have us suspended. But they won't succeed. There is a ground swell against expulsion or suspension."

Israel should not leave, moreover, because the UN is "a field of battle," and it is not the Israeli way to leave a field of battle.

Most importantly, the UN is a uniquely effective platform for information, intensively monitored by all the world's media.

HERZOG IS FORCEFUL about what Israel *should not* do in reaction to the anti-Zionism vote. As the man on the spot, he must tread carefully, he says, when advocating what Israel *should* do. But he has some definite ideas. "We should be pressing friendly countries to reconsider their attitudes to the UN, just as the US did after UNESCO's anti-Israel votes." (The U.S. Congress, it may be recalled, cut funds to the organization.) And the men of science and letters who condemned UNESCO, and refused any cooperation with it, should be encouraged to speak out even more strongly and in greater numbers against the Assembly resolution.

As a diplomat Herzog must tread carefully, too, in his political remarks. He eagerly confirms, though, that it was he who first publicly advocated — in a pre-Yom Kippur War article — what is now known as the Yariv-Shemtov formula on the PLO. (The formula as Herzog coined it was that Israel would negotiate with any Palestinian group provided it recognized Israel's right to exist and denied the precepts of the PLO's National Covenant.)

"I am not free today," says Herzog coyly, "to express my opinion on this issue. But I can mention a recent article by Shafiq al-Hut, a top PLO official in Beirut. In it he wrote that Yariv's proposal (Aharon Yariv, as Information Minister, proposed the formula last year; Premier Rabin quickly rebuffed it) came as a thunderbolt to the PLO and caused deep rifts within their ranks. The removal of the proposal, al-Hut added, came as a 'blessing from Heaven.'"

Herzog's political garrulity (he and "Pat" Moynihan are already fast friends) will not be checked by diplomatic restraint "for too long," the ambassador asserts cheerfully. He refuses to say exactly how long: reportedly he is on a two-year contract. The pundits say he has his eye on a political career, but he says "not necessarily." He was "very happy" in his law practice (with company lawyer Michael Fox and tax expert Ya'acov Ne'eman), and would be happy to return to that, and to his writing and commentating.

Meanwhile, he returns to the UN battlefield, assured of numerical defeat — and of moral victory.

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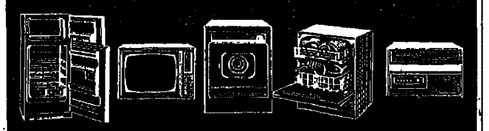

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HANUKKA REFLECTIONS

Moshe Kohn

THE JEWS are raging. The Family of Nations has acted to expose their nefarious character. And the Jews deny it indignantly. But nothing they say will be of any avail: they are what they are — "an ugly, miserable people, if there *is* such a thing as a 'Jewish people'," as a certain Bruno Kreisky put it — and that is a fact that was established right at the beginning of the Jews' drag in history.

First there was Abraham, the father of the Jewish race. He grew up with everything a sensible boy could ask for, son of a rich idol manufacturer who was a member of the ruling elite in that great city, Ur of the Chaldees, with every chance of himself one day comfortably strolling his beat in the Chaldean corridors of power. But no, he had to go stargazing and listening to disembodied Voices telling him that Chaldean idolatry and slavery-based economy and culture weren't so beautiful, and he started smashing idols.

In one of his fits of *dementia praecox*, he heard a Voice tell him to forsake country, family and home and wander off to some as yet unnamed country, because he had been chosen to become a great nation. Imagine a sensible, 75-year-old man, and a married man to boot, listening to Voices speaking that kind of prattle.

A FEW generations later, old Abe's "great nation" are slaves in Egypt. But those Egyptians were no fools. They had those Hebrews' number. They thought they were going to do nothing but make babies, overrun the country, and then take over, did they? Well, old Pharaoh was too shrewd for them, and nipped the International Hebrew Conspiracy in the bud.

We have it on no less an authority than the third century B.C. Egyptian priest-historian, Manetho, whose testimony is corroborated by other such scholars as Lysimachus, Tacitus and Apion, who lived much closer to the events than us, and so had not yet been brainwashed by megalomaniacal Jewish myth-makers. It seems that although the Hebrews were a good supply of cheap labour, they were such filthy barbarians that they soon became ridden with leprosy, scurvy, and other infectious diseases, and the Egyptians sent them off into the wilderness to die. One of the main diseases they carried was a disease of the groin called "sabbatosis" in Egypt.

Under the leadership of the conniving Moses — also a hearer of Voices — they did not die in the wilderness but, after a wild six-day trek, reached this place Judea where they built this city Jerusalem, and on the seventh day they rested. Having also recovered from their sabbatosis, they declared the seventh day a holiday, which they called "sabbat," in commemoration of their victorious battle with sabbatosis.

(The above is all written down in black and white, and was recently published, in English translation, by the Israel Academy of Sciences and Humanities, in the volume "Greek and Latin Authors on Jews and Judaism," edited by Menahem Stern.)

Those ancients also tell us of the "unsocial and intolerant mode of life" that Moses taught his groin-rotten flock; that the Jews already then were sacrilegious atheists, misanthropes, witless cowards, informed by temerity, driven by reckless madness, contributing nothing to civilization. The proof that the Jews are no good, according to Apion, is that they have no empire.

THERE IS even earlier evidence of the Jews' misanthropy. About two centuries before Manetho, Haman, Grand Vizier of King Ahasuerus' Persian empire told his monarch:

"There is a certain unassimilated people scattered among the many peoples in all the provinces of your realms, who keep themselves apart, whose laws are different from the laws of every other people, and who do not keep Your Majesty's laws. It does not befit Your Majesty to tolerate them."

Think of it: 1,500 years after Abraham had to flee for his life from Ur, and about 800 years after Pharaoh sent their sabbatosic ancestors packing, the Jews thought they were going to put something over on shrewd old Haman. That was real tall!

But those attempts to civilize — or get rid of — the Jews failed, and about 300 years after Haman, they tried again. Those misanthropic Hasmoneans.

There was the Greek Seleucid King of Syria, Antiochus IV Epiphanes ("the Glorious"), spreader of the enlightenment of Hellenism. He thought to bring civilization and unity to the motley of races and tribes populating his empire. He was succeeding fairly well, for all he required of his subjects was that to whatever forms they followed they add certain Greek forms, chiefly that of installing an image of the god Zeus Olympus in their temples, alongside their other gods, and paying him due homage as the triumphant god.

THE TROUBLE about the Jews was that they were atheists. They pretended to have an invisible and nameless god who allowed no images — which, as every cultured Hellene knew, is a barbarian concept, a rationalization for a lack of any aesthetic sensibility, an excuse for a lack of any talent for creating pleasing plastic images.

None the less, Antiochus had some success among the Jews, too. The Jewish Jasons and Menelauses and their followers appreciated Hellenistic aesthetics and the advantages of adopting Hellenistic ways, the ways of an ascendant empire. They decided to promote among their race, and to ask Antiochus to help them promote by force if necessary, Hellenism and its benefits.

The Jewish Hellenists made some headway, till they stumbled on that family of priests in the village of Modi'in known as the Hasmoneans. These fanatics had their way for a while against the forces of civilization. They had their little victory and celebrated it — not, like civilized modernists, with games and dionysian revelries, but by lighting candles in their temple.

Fortunately, when the Hasmoneans' successors started consolidating their forebears' victory, they had the sense to do so in step with the times: they combined the offices of priest and king; built palaces and surrounded themselves with courtiers; provided themselves with summer and winter homes; repaired the old stadiums and erected new ones; assassinated each other and murdered or oppressed rivals in the community; forcibly converted gentiles — in short, governed as modernist-Hellenic-Oriental potentates should govern.

NOT QUITE. Unfortunately, they dealt too softly with their real enemies, the fanatical racist rabbis — known in obloquy as the Pharisees — who continued to hold large sectors of the population in the poisonous grip of their misanthropic Tora. Some of the Hasmonean kings asked their friends and patrons among the Roman emperors to come and help civilize the Jews, and eventually the Romans dealt vigorously with the situation, as we know.

But unfortunately again, not vigorously enough, and many Pharisaic Jews survived — not only in the Palestine province, but also in other parts of the empire — and they began to flourish again. And not only did the Jews as such flourish, but, in different guises — such as Christianity with *its* misanthropic founder ("son of God," no less!) and Islam with *its* epileptic, Voice-hearing founder — succeeded in spreading their doctrines to most of the civilized world.

But, as everybody knows, "civilized world" is a Judaeo-Christian-Islamic concept embracing only those centres of population which Judaism and its tentacles seized in their grip. Luckily, in recent decades there have emerged large sectors of humanity whom the Jewish octopus never reached and others which succeeded in breaking the grip. These, known as the "Socialist Peace Camp" and the "Third World," succeeded in liberating most of Islam, and it is thanks to the concerted action of these three great forces that the United Nations recently exposed Judaism — now acting in the guise of Zionism — for what it is.

But they don't seem to realize that Zionism is only a red herring. While the world focuses its attention on Zionism, Judaism and its present-day Pharisees continue to spread their racist poison in other guises, mainly those vestiges of Christianity and Islam of which humanity has not yet purged itself. Sabbatosis still rages, in many forms.

This afternoon, the Jews will start lighting candles celebrating their "victory" over the unfortunate Antiochus 2,139 years ago. Let us, then, learn the lesson of Hanukka: if not for Antiochus' misguided tolerance, if he had dealt with Judaism and the Jews with the ruthlessness they deserved, the world — historians have pointed out — would not only have been rid of Judaism once and for all, but would also never have had Christianity and Islam inflicted on it. And who knows: civilization might also have been spared Marxism, psychoanalysis, and the theory of relativity.

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MELNIK ADV.

NEW APPROACHES TO MENTAL HEALTH

The Ezrat Nashim Hospital — now known officially as the Jerusalem Mental Health Centre — will begin the celebration of its 80th anniversary year next month. REX DALNY reports on a visit to the Centre, a pioneer in occupational therapy for mental patients.

THE CHANGE OF NAME of the institution in Jerusalem dedicated to the care of the mentally ill from "Ezrat Nashim" to "The Jerusalem Mental Health Centre" was not due to a desire to be modish or grand — on the contrary, giving up a name hallowed by tradition was not easy. But it was important to correct a belief that the hospital was a strictly women's affair. Half the patients are men; members of the board are not chosen for their sex.

Altering the name also implied a change of attitude. Five years ago Dr. Samuel I. Cohen, on sabbatical leave from London University, became the acting medical director; he was at the helm when the hospital moved to its new buildings in Givat Shaul. Perhaps more important even than the modern imposing structure was the introduction by Dr. Cohen of a new philosophy: he opened up the hospital. Bars on windows were out; the entire approach to the mentally sick changed.

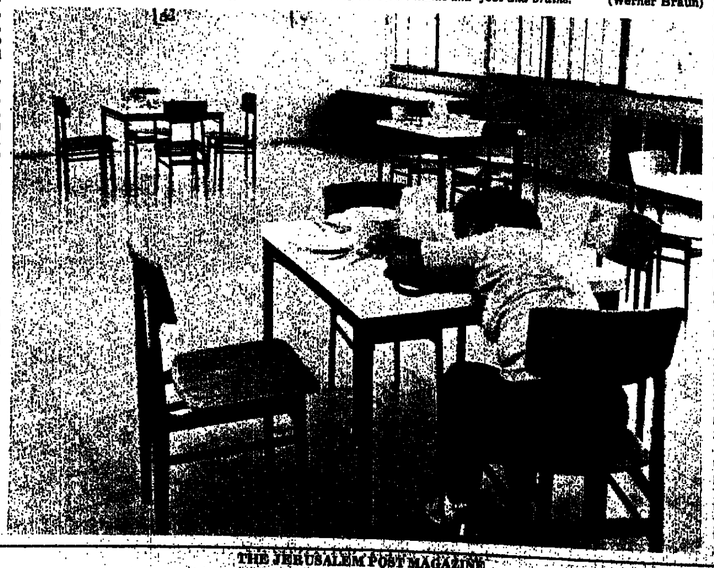
This process was carried further by the director appointed three years ago. Milton Rosenbaum, Professor of Psychiatry in the Albert Einstein College of Medicine and the Bronx Municipal Hospital Centre, had already established firm ties in Israel. He had come as a visiting professor on several occasions, and had served as director of the Paul Baerwald School, while retaining his post in New York.

One of the first innovations he introduced was in Ward Four. Here he found the forgotten men and women, placed in the hospital as incurable 30 to 40 years ago, and left there to moulder ever since. Some families were relieved to have offloaded a hopeless problem. Most of these patients had lost all contact with their families or the outside world. Professor Rosenbaum insisted, against considerable opposition, that those still young enough to do so should go out into the world once more.

So the patients came timidly forth into a strange new world, with different coinage, buses, streets, dress. Rip van Winkle's experience was nothing compared with theirs. They learned how to handle money, buy food. Some went to Beit Shalom, a "halfway house" which works closely with the Medical Health Centre. A few are living "on the outside." The experiment has succeeded beyond even Milton Rosenbaum's optimistic hopes.

Another change indicated by the proud new name is the widening of the scope of the institution's work. Advisers cooperate with other mental and social agencies in Jerusalem, such as the Department of Social Welfare, Tipat Halav, Kupat Holim, the hospitals, the police. After the Yom Kippur War, many widows and young children needed help to restore them to mental health. Teams went to Kiryat Shmona and Ma'alot as soon as the terrorist attacks took place. Special teams work with street gangs, or are called in by the police when people commit acts of apparently pointless violence or vandalism. A community mental health clinic was established two or three years ago.

The hospital tries to keep patients off their beds and busy with their hands and feet and brains. (Werner Braun)



TODAY a mental hospital is not a place in which the disturbed are deposited by their families, either with great sorrow or with relief, and left indefinitely. The average stay is now two to six weeks. Apart from Ward Four, the hospital has three other wards, two for the acutely sick, one for preparing patients to leave the institution. The Mental Health Centre has been granted university status, and students from the Hebrew University — Hadassah Hospital Medical School are sent there on courses.

On admission, patients are assessed for occupational therapy as well as for medical treatment. The aim is to keep them off their beds, doing something with their hands and feet and brains. In addition to the usual forms of occupational therapy, such as painting and weaving, the men do metalwork and other vocational jobs.

Some patients work at simple tasks, like fixing labels on matza packets. They get paid for their labour. Hard-core cases are finding that for the first time in years they are not only on the receiving end; they can buy little presents for their visitors.

"We give them a feeling that they are loved and needed in the world," says Bernice Wix, coordinator of the Centre's volunteer service, "that they are not forgotten and ignored."

The large group of volunteers "adopt" specific patients, as well as helping to raise funds for the institution. The distinguished leading volunteer is Mrs. Sarah Herzog, widow of the famous Chief Rabbi. She was President of Ezrat Nashim for several decades; now she is Honorary President, and is described by Mrs. Wix as "the hardest working honorary president in the world."

MOST OF THE REFORMS — taking down the bars, opening the hospital, trying to re-establish contacts between patients and the outside world — would have been impossible if it had not been for the discovery of new drugs.

"The great revolution in psychiatry," says Dr. Haim Belmaker, director of research, "is the introduction of drugs and of community psychiatry. It is all-important to have qualified people going into the community and working with the families.

"There has been a great upsurge of interest in the biological and biochemical approach to mental disease," he says. "There is fairly clear evidence that at least half the serious illnesses have biological causes. A considerable number are hereditary in origin.

"In 1939, psychiatrists began to use electric shock therapy. It's a grim method but it did help some patients. Since the discovery of the drugs, it is used very little, perhaps with five per cent of cases that do not respond to drugs. Insulin shock was also tried, but is now right out of favour and should not be used.

"The drugs fall into four main categories — there are anti-depressants, anti-psychoses, sedatives and lithium. All of them are very expensive. The pharmaceutical companies go on playing around with drugs, but, most of the time, when they advertise some new wonder drug, it's only a variant of one of the four that I've mentioned. Naturally, patients and their families are desperately anxious to try anything new, but it's very rare for a new drug to be more effective than an old one of the same type. There can be a certain amount of placebo effect. Half the effort in my laboratory goes into examining drugs and their claims; so far they all come into one of the four categories."

Dr. Belmaker, a Harvard graduate who worked at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda before immigrating a year ago, was studying blood samples when I interviewed him.

"One of our problems is that we're trying to find out what happens in the brain, and this is, of course, the most difficult of all areas to reach. So we try to find out by inference what's going on in the brain, through examining something we can analyse with ease, such as the blood.

"We know that the drugs do help, but we don't know how they do so. Similarly, we know that heredity can play a role, but we don't know how. Why is one member of a family affected and not another? I'm trying to find out where the gene in the cell goes wrong. How did it happen? Who carries the predisposition? We can already advise families at risk about the possible or probable dangers to their children.

"One breakthrough came through observing the effect of the amphitamenes, which can induce a psychotic state. Using them in animals, we found that they produced a substance called dopamine. This led us to believe that psychosis may be due to an excess of dopamine. Working backwards, we found that the anti-psychosis drugs do prevent dopamine excess."

WOULD HE SAY, then, that there are prospects that they will find a cure for mental illness through drugs? At one time hope soared that psychoanalysis would do the trick, but these expectations have not been realized.

"I personally think that psychoanalysis cannot help with the psychoses, though perhaps it does with less serious conditions. My own belief is that there is considerable ground for hope that within the foreseeable future we will have the answer through drugs for the depressives. For schizophrenia, it will take longer, I'm afraid.

"Mind you, I don't want to overstate it: even when the drugs work, we will still have to give patients and their families unending support. Solving the biological aspect of mental illness will still leave other aspects. For instance, we have found that in identical twins who both have mood swings from hyper-activity to severe depression, one brother copes far better than the other. Investigation shows that the first man's wife, friends and employer are far more supportive than the other man's.

"The great thing to remember is that mental illness is not a personal problem but a community one. The work that we do in the laboratory and that the doctors do in the wards has to be supported to the hilt by the people outside the hospital walls."

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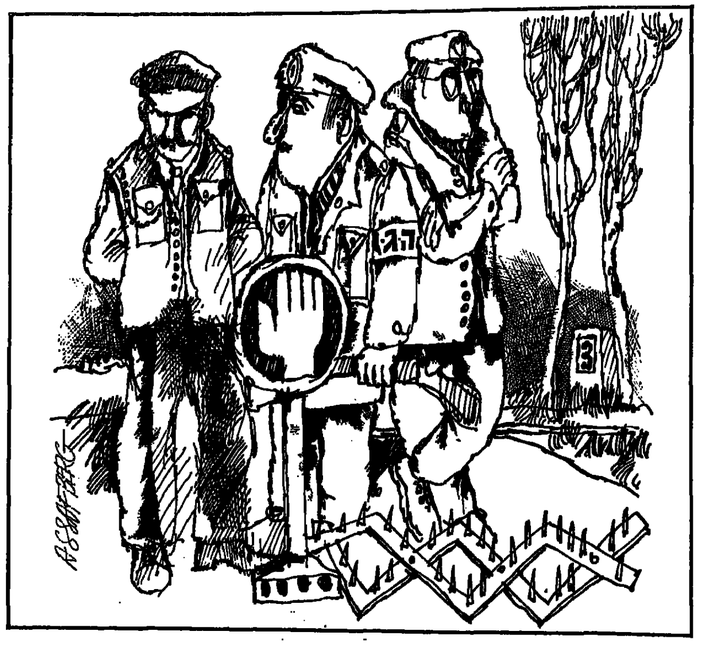

A.S.I. Acker

THERE'S A STORY — but I hope it is not true — being told about our C.O. He is generally regarded very highly, and he certainly has no sense of humour that has ever been discovered. The story tells about a certain Meir A. (let's say) who was called up for service with us in Haga. It seems that his name was on the Civil Defence files at headquarters, although in fact he had died some months before.

"Sorry," said the adjutant to our colonel, "I'm afraid we'll be still another man short. Meir A. isn't coming. He died a couple of months ago."

"Nonsense," said our C.O. "Nonsense, I'm not having that for a tale. You can just see that he gets down here right away. With the kind of men I've got under me here, we'll hardly notice the difference."

If that story is true, it is slander. Haga isn't like that any more. It has a real job to do in times of peace — if that is how to describe the present situation — and a real job to do in times of war. And it has real training for both.

At Camp X in the Galil there is a course for the Haga rescue services in case they are needed in the cities after an air raid. Soldiers who were previously in the Tank Corps or the Commandos, and men who have never been in the army before need to learn new things. For instance, how to lower a man and a stretcher from a four-storey building so that they both reach the ground more or less at the same time and in the preferred position, the former being on top of the latter and not the other way round.

FROM THE MOMENT we got there we could tell we were back in the real army. First of all, the food was real army food, the kind we were used to five and ten years ago. Some of it tasting as though it had just been kept warm for us since then.

We knew we were back in the real army by the real uniforms we got. Instead of "Haga" they had "Zahal" stamped on the left side of the chest, and they were in the two regulation army sizes, too big and too small. Albert, an immigrant from England, who has only been in the army since the October War, is very short and thin. He was given a jacket that covered him like a pup-tent, and when he finally made his protest understood, he was given a pair of trousers too tight even for a boy scout — even across his middle they didn't meet by about 75 cm.

We knew we were in the real army when, standing on parade, we saw First Lieutenant Pinchas — otherwise known as Fatah's secret weapon — and behind him Second Lieutenant Alphonso.

"Listen, who is this Alphonso," Albert wanted to know, "what's he like?"

"His name's not really Alphonso, of course," said Yaron, our resident joker. "He's called that after one of the Portuguese kings."

"Alphonso the Brave, d'you mean?"

"No, and not Alphonso the Silent either."

"Well, the only other one I can remember is Alphonso the Pious," said Albert. He is really well educated. "I suppose it must be him, then?"

"No," said Yaron, "actually, it's Alphonso the Horse's Behind."

We knew we had been in the real army by the real army speech made at the end of the exercise by the major in charge: "Soldiers," he said to us as we all sat round him under the trees, "comrades." Obviously his emotions had got the better of him, but then he went on:

"There is just one thing I want to say to you all. To officers and men together. In a career stretching over 30 years in the regular army and in the reserves, I have never before seen such a collection of infirm and idle elderly gentlemen, and inept and uncooperative welfare cases, in one place and at one time. Even in normal civilian Israeli life it would be hard to find an example of a week spent less productively than the one you have spent here."

He paused for a moment to listen to the enthralled silence, and then added: "When I am not in the army I work for the Electric Corporation, and I know what I am talking about."

Now that is the real army.

HAGA is also called up to stand guard in public places. There are some road blocks which are in place 24 hours a day, and for these the police by themselves do not have sufficient manpower. One such road block is about a kilometre from the northern border.

At the junction there is a towering eucalyptus all by itself. The sides of the road leading north are lined with cypresses tall and thin, and with casuarina, like the cypress, but with spreading branches. Behind them are orange groves and banana plantations. In the wadi, and halfway between the road and the sea, are two palm trees. Except where the land is irrigated, the undergrowth is brown and burnt. It smells dusty, until the first rain.

Every night for nearly a month four of us go out there on duty. Either we have the first watch, which ends in the middle of the night, or the second, which ends not long after sunrise. Even after watching for it night after night, it is impossible to decide at what exact moment night turns into day. It is dark; then a shadow dissolves in the air and it is dawn.

The morning after the first autumn showers there are still scattered clouds on the eastern rim of the sky and transparent wisps in the west. The sky shows pale blue through the interlaced branches of the trees. The first colour of the sun itself is a faint purple wash just above the low hills that roll up to the heights of Naftali and then drop into the Hula Valley. The tops of the clouds turn pink, while the undersides are still grey. The colours of the sky change, in slow succession, from ochre to yellow to orange. The sky over the sea has two and then three different shades of blue in it, and on top of this, splashes of pink. Moment after moment it seems the day can't get any brighter and then, preceded by a flood of molten yellow, the sun comes up.

Of the four of us on this night duty, Albert was one. This time it was the jacket of his uniform he couldn't fasten while, on the other hand, his trousers had room for him and all his four children. Itzik was another one of the four. He is a squat and powerful immigrant from Georgia, who is so new in the country he can't understand a word of Hebrew when it suits him not to. Although, of course, he wasn't supposed to, he worked during the day and quite naturally was at best torpid, even on a warm night.

The last of the Haga men was a different type. He always brought with him to the watch, among other things, a flask of coffee, sandwiches, sweets, a book — in the hope that the moon would be strong enough to read by; and protecting his food from the cats, until he could get to eat it, kept him in a fidget all night.

The fourth member of the squad was a policeman, a different one every night, and he was the one in charge. He gave the orders, and how they were carried out depended on him. Some policemen are very active, even in the dead of night, and check every passing car. Some check only those they think are driven by Arabs. One night the policeman is an Arab, and he checks Jews as well. When Arie is on duty, he spends the first hour gathering wood and then starts a good bonfire. It is cheerful and smells of picnics. It helps pass the time, although only he is allowed to play with it.

Micha is a policeman of another sort. He doesn't bother to light his own fire, but if there is one lit, he feeds it till it's burning well. Then he dozes off in front of it. No matter what passes, he doesn't move. *"Sa, sa* — go on, go on," he murmurs in his sleep to cars both real and dreamy.

Twice in the month there are false alarms. One is far away, along to the east; at least 15 kilometres. The second is a case of a soldier on beach patrol just north of Nahariya discovering his own footprint in the sand and thinking that it has come out of the sea.

Once in the month, terrorists do succeed in crossing the border from Lebanon and hiding in the night. The area is put on full alert. Ambulances come up to Shelomi, and an extra fire engine is brought from Acco. All through the night there are planes overhead. Flares with burning heads and smoky tails fall through the air. Occasionally there is the sound of machine-gun fire. Not until late in the morning do we get word to stand down. Two soldiers have been wounded, three infiltrators are dead: Mr. Arafat has had three more young Palestinians permanently liberated.

ONE NIGHT there is an alarm that catches us before we have been taken out to our post. We are still in the yard of the local police station, where Haga has one room for its command. Someone phones in to say that he thinks he has seen something that might be a bomb under one of the back seats in the Hod cinema. The police call their explosives expert and go off to deal with the matter.

The Haga duty officer just happens to be Alphonso, who just doesn't happen to be there at the moment. But on being sent for he arrives almost immediately. He has a motor-bike and sidecar both painted white. He speeds up to the gates of the police station and jumps off that bike like Tom Mix from his horse.

"Quick, quick!" he cries to his sergeant, as he runs up the stairs, his spurs jangling. "Quick, get me some men to go out."

His sergeant isn't there, so he runs down the steps again, saying, "You and you get into the jeep quick."

The first "you" is Albert, who very obligingly climbs into the jeep. The second "you" is Itzik, who doesn't understand what is wanted of him, actually, but who has to get in the jeep in the end because he is too slow to escape. The third member of the squad tries looking the other way, but the jeep almost runs him over.

"Get in, get in," Alphonso squeals. "Get in, We're off!"

The jeep whips through the streets (passing the police on the way back) and in no time pulls up outside the Hod cinema. With a single blow of his fist, Alphonso smashes open the back doors of the jeep. In the finest traditions of the real Israeli army and as if he were the first man crossing the Canal he shouts, "Follow me! Follow me, men!" And he jumps fearlessly into the midst of the astonished Nahariya citizenry.

Albert follows him as fast as possible. "Yes, just a minute, I'm coming," he says, all amiability. His friend follows Albert as soon as he can get together his flask of coffee, his sandwiches, his sweets and his book. They pound up the cinema steps behind their chief, and only Itzik somehow gets stuck in the door and decides to wait for them in the jeep.

The doors are locked, and Alphonso bangs on them to attract the attention of the ticket woman. She hurries over, shaking her fist and making faces.

"Shhh! Shhh! You can't come in now, it's almost time to come out."

"Let me in, let me in!" Alphonso shouts, and his men both support him by looking grave and important.

The ticket woman shrugs her shoulders, thinks once or twice, and then decides she might just as well open up. In fact the performance is over, and before Alphonso and his men can take one step forward, they are swept ten steps backwards by the crowd that sallies out.

There was no way of disguising that this was a real retreat. But as Albert said later,

"Even if Haga is the real army, it doesn't have to mean we are as real as commandos."

NO GROUP in this country has so caught the imagination of the public as *Hagashash Hahiver* — "The Pale Tracker" — the three-man comedy team that somehow taps the authentic springs of Israeli humour. You have only to say "Hagashash" to provoke the conditioned reflex of a laugh as your listeners wait for you to quote some new example of their enrichment of our cultural life. They shine like a good deed in a naughty world, and make Israelis forget the UN, income tax, devaluation, inflations, strikes, and the other less amusing aspects of our existence.

No official translation of the Gashash's inimitable humour exists, but some idea can be given of what their sketches are like. (They sing as well as they act, which is an almost incredible feat.)

When the annual street Book Market, of which Israeli culture-vultures are so justifiably proud, takes place, the Gashashim are on the job. They open their stall in Dizengoff Street.

Gavri (yelling): Books, books, fresh books! Books, my friends! Books fresh today! Books!

Shaike: Dizengoff Street's so wonderful — what they haven't got here! A boutique for everything — a shoe boutique, a *felafel* boutique, and now a book boutique...

Gavri: Books, fresh books! What do you want to do with your life? Go on selling vegetables for ever on the Carmel Market? Come, now lady, try our books — fresh today!

Shaike: But why books? On the street, books? *Ina'al Abuk!*

Gavri: Don't swear! Don't you remember what our beloved father — may his dear soul rest in peace — told us before he died?

Shaike: How can I remember? For three days he never stopped talking...

AND THEN, of course, there's that haughty plumber, whose waiting-room, like that of a famous surgeon, is crowded with desperately anxious parents. But these are the parents of ailing boilers, basins, baths, pipes... With considerable condescension, he tells them to come some time next November. But one poor sufferer pleads so desperately for his afflicted bath that the heart of the great genius is touched; against his better judgment, he says, "Very well, bring the bath in." His kindliness is rewarded by the basest ingratitude — it seems that this degenerate patient expects him to pay a house call — something, of course, that he considers completely unethical.

And what about the building contractor who put up that block for young couples? When one complains about there being no elevator in the building, the contractor says:

"Are you sure? Have you looked everywhere?".

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON here? I'm supposed to be writing an article for *The Jerusalem Post* Magazine, not competing for the national Gashash championship. Talking about the Gashashim has this effect on people...

There are three men in the group. Gavri (Gabriel) Bannai is a member of a family famous in Israeli theatrical history. Everyone knows Yossi Bannai, who, apart from doing some marvellous shows himself, has written the sketches and lyrics of the last two Gashash shows. Other siblings are Yaakov, Avraham, Yitzhak, Alisa and Haim. All went into the theatre at various times, except Yitzhak, who rather disgraced the family by becoming a mere judge. All the children, and their parents before them, were born in Jerusalem.

Poli — Israel Poliakow — is also a *sabra*. Shaike — Yehoshua Levi — the portly gentleman, was brought here from Egypt as a child.

The natural question to ask when trying to find out the sources of their humour, and their appeal to every section of the Israeli public, is whether they consider themselves Ashkenazim or Sephardim or both. Strangely enough, Gavri says that this question, asked half in jest, was last put to him when he went into hospital. The doctor said that he was checking on his genes... He decided then that, for genetic purposes, he and Shaike are Sephardim, Poli an Ashkenazi; but they are prepared to switch if necessary to keep the public and the doctors happy.

The three originally got together in the army, when they were members of the Nahal Troupe, that famous nursery of great Israeli entertainers. They did two programmes afterwards as *Hatarnegolim* — "The Roosters."

Fortunately for them and for us, they caught the eye of producer Avraham Deshe, "Pashanel," who saw that they were good. So, 13 years ago, on a cold December night, coinciding with either Christmas or Hanukka, according to one's religious background, *Hagashash Hahiver* was born. It was Shaike who insisted that they should perform in suits and ties, so as to give them a special style of their own, distinguishing them from less classy performers in open-neck shirts and Levis.

EVERYONE TALKS so freely about the Gashashim that it is surprising how few people wonder what the devil the name means and what it has got to do with a satirical Israeli show. When I ask Gavri this, he says:

"It's curious you should ask that. Very few people do. They just take the name for granted. As a matter of fact, the boss told us at the beginning, 'From now on you'll be *Hagashash Hahiver*,' without telling us why.

"We only found out the answer a couple of years ago. He took the name from a short story by Karl May, a German who used to write stories about Red Indians, although I believe he never went near the Wild West. What a pale tracker has got to do with Israel, I still don't understand."

During their first programme they worked together with Shai K. Ophir. It was very hard at the beginning; nobody knew whether their humour would click with the public, or what sketches and songs were good, what bad. They appeared then in a theatre club in Jaffa, "The Double Chin."

"The boss worked us like slaves," Gavri recalls. "Whatever time we got to bed, we had to be in his office at eight the next morning. We were all bachelors then, so we'd each bring something for breakfast. Now it's difficult to get any of us here by midday."

MANY writers have contributed sketches and lyrics, among them Nissim Aloni, who wrote two shows, Shai K. Ophir, Dan Almagor, Amos Ettinger, Yaron London, Amos Keynan, Albert Sabag, David Avidan, Yossi Gamzu, Ephraim Kishon, Naomi Shemer, and many others have contributed at various times. The present show, "Offside Story" — as distinguished from "West Side Story" is a Yossi Bannai effort.

Israel Poliakow, Yehoshua Levi and Gabriel Bannai; alias Poli, Shaike and Gavri; alias Hagashash Hahiver.

Hagashash Hahiver — "The Pale Tracker" — Israel's most amusing and origi[illegible] theatre group, is now celebrating its bar mitzva year. PHILIP GILLON follows [illegible] the tracks of the famous trio, and tries to find out what makes them so very funn[illegible]

THE PALE TRACKER

Three proud citizens of Tiberias discuss atomic reactors, pitta and felafel as they sit by the lakeside.

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

Ariel Furman in "The Treasure."

CORIOLANUS Shakespeare — (Cameri) Directed by Peter Dews, with Oded Teomi, Oren Poral, Shlomo Vishinsky, Shimon Bar and more. Tel Aviv (Cameri) Sat., Sun.

HOSTAGES (Habimah). The 1948 play by Spanish Gil Robles is set in Venezuela during Bolivar's revolt against the Spanish, and deals with a moral dilemma. The melodramatic plot is too neat, the characterization is too black-and-white, the production is passable. Army. Mon.

THE JOKER (Haifa). Yehoshua Sobol's new play about a group of reservists in a bunker on the Golan Heights is terribly funny, very sad, and beautifully authentic. Excellent acting by the all-male cast of six under Nola Chilton's direction. Tel Aviv (Nachmani) Sat.

LITTLE SHRAGA — Hatzor, Sun.

MOST CRUEL THE KING (Haifa). Revival of Nissim Aloni's biblical play which 22 years ago caused a political controversy. Play stands out with beauty of language and lucid dramatic structure. Jerusalem (Theatre) Sun.

OF LIGHT-MINDEDNESS AND FRIVOLITY (Habimartef). The 18th century play by Rev. Aharon Wolfson, a fighter against the religious establishment in Germany, in brilliantly funny modern dress, by director Omri Nitzan. Fun all the way. Tel Aviv (Small Hall), Sat. Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

THE TREASURE (Habimah). A new version of the much performed Shalom Aleichem tragi-comedy. Tel Aviv (Habimah, Large Hall). Today 11 a.m.; Sat. 9.45; Tues. 9.00; Wed. 9.00.

THREE WIDOWS — Gideon Shemer appears as the narrator of a beautiful, sad story about a man who lived a vicarious life as the friend and protector of mother, daughter and grand-daughter, all three successively widowed. Tonight: Usha, Sat. Mesilot.

MUSIC

All events start at 20.30 hours unless stated otherwise.

JERUSALEM
"Contrasts" — music by Frescobaldi, De Wilt, Pugnani, Mozart, performed by Efraim Marcus, recorders, Shulamit Feingold, harpsichord, piano, Dora Schwartzberg, violin, David Chen, viola, Mark Drabinsky, cello, Victor Darevianko, piano — at the Jerusalem Khan: Sunday.
Music at the University — The Renaissance Ensemble (Shlomo Tidhar, Mira Zakai, Yosi Yeryushalmi, "Laron" Recorder Ensemble — at the Wise Auditorium: Monday, at 12.15 hours.
Music at Ein Karem — Usi Wiesel, cello, and Hilad Neumark, harpsichord, present music by Pergolesi, Couperin, Bach, Telemann — at the Targ Music Centre, Ein Karem Monday. Special "United Tours" service at 19.30 from office near Kings Hotel at 19.45, and from Mount Herzl, at 20.00; return trip assured.
Hanukka Festival of the Jewish Institute for the Blind — The Netanlah Orchestra, conducted by Eitan Avitzur: "Music on a Jewish Theme," with Giora Feldman, clarinet, as featured soloist; blind artists perform: Michael Goldman, 28, ("The Israeli Ray Charles") plays his own Piano Variations. Danny Sabach, 20, will play the guitar, blind Tzahal veterans will perform an unusual act of judo and ballgames. Giora Feldman and his ensemble will render his famous "Jewish Soul Music" — all proceeds earmarked for the care of the Blind: Binyenei Ha'oomah: Monday.
The Israel Chamber Ensemble — Subscription Concert No. 4 — David Atherton conducting, with Heinz Holliger, oboe, as soloist: works by Boyce, Tippett, Mozart, Parton & Stravinsky — at the Jerusalem Theatre: Thursday. As bonus for subscribers: "The Work You Love" — this time: Mozart's Clarinet Quintet (Eli Hafetz): at 19.30.

TEL AVIV
Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Subscription Concert No. 3 — Rafael Frubeck de Burgos conducting Haydn's Oratorio "The Creation" — Series 6: Saturday.

HAIFA
Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Haydn's "Creation," with Rafael Frubeck de Burgos conducting, with soloists Stella Richman, Roelof Oostwoud, Simon Estes, and the Tel Aviv Philharmonic Choir (director: Shalev Ephrat) — Subscription Concert No. 4 — Series 1: Tuesday; Series 2: Wednesday, Series 4: Thursday — at the Haifa Auditorium.

EIN GEV
"The Creation," Oratorio by Josef Haydn — for details see Haifa — at the Eden Music Centre, Ein Gev: Sunday, at 21.00 hours.

KFAR SABA
Israel Chamber Ensemble — Mendi Rodan conducting, David Braude, Lena Bonderenko, violins — Works by Bach, Orgad & Bartok — Saturday.

LIGHT MUSIC

PADOM, PADOM, PADOM, songs of Edith Piaf. Tel Aviv (Tzavta), Sat. 11.00, Mon. 9.00.

UFZ-LI-GUTZ-LI (Cameri) A musical adaptation of Abraham Shlonski's for children: Tel Aviv (Cameri), Sun., 10.30 a.m.

OPERA

The Israel National Opera presents: Kren-Hammerstein II: "Show Boat," conductor: A. Levanon; choreography: Jakob Kaluski; cast: Susan Eichelberger, Judith Lynn, Graves/Scarpinati, Miriam Laron, Masha Lechnior, Mintov, Ben-Shachar, Naomi Pinkus, Lois Luis, Lynn Richardson, Rose, White, Sharon, Claire Bloom, Shmueli, Shwaris (Tel Aviv: Saturday — Haifa: Thursday); Delibes: "Lakme," conductor: A. Tarski; Choreography: J. Kaluski; cast: Esther Baumwel, Judith Lynn, De-Stefano, Mintov Scarpinati, Biliana Goldenthal, Kahana, Glueckman, Julia Gluck, Fortuna Zorino, Naomi Pinkus, Sharon, Cherni (Sunday); Rossini: "The Barber of Seville," conductors: G. Singer/A. Tarski; cast: Judith Lynn, Ben-Shachar, De-Stefano, Biliana Goldenthal, Glueceman, Shmueli, Sharon, Cherni (Wednesday).

DANCE

BAT SHEVA DANCE COMPANY: Monodrama (Mirai Sharon). The Green Table (Kurt Jooss). The Burning Ground (Gene Hill Sagan) from Mahler: Song of the Earth. Jerusalem (Jerusalem Hall) Mon., Tues., 8.30. Ein Gev (Einarot) Thurs. 9.00.

Yossi Yadin as the grandfather in the Canadian film "Lies my father told me," directed by Jan Kadar.

CINEMA

APPASSIONATA — Inconclusive tale of complicated family relationships which are intensified by the intrusion of a Lolita-like friend of the schoolgirl daughter. Directed by Gian Luigi Calderone (his first feature film) and well acted by Gabriele Ferzetti, Valentina Cortese, Ornella Muti and Eleanora Giorgi.

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ — Mordecai Richler's novel about an aggressively ambitious young Jew intent on making a fortune has been made into a film full of vitality, insight and humour. Duddy is objectionable but Richard Dreyfuss' performance is first class.

AT LONG LAST LOVE — More nostalgia from Peter Bogdanovich, who wrote, produced and directed this original screen musical and set it in New York society in the mid-thirties. But in spite of the opulent settings, no less than sixteen Cole Porter songs and the talents of Burt Reynolds, Cybill Shepherd, Madeline Kahn and Duilio Del Prete, the whole thing completely fails to come off.

BITE THE BULLET — Story of an endurance horse race across the American west in the early 1900s, written and directed by Richard Brooks and featuring Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen and James Coburn. The race itself is not very exciting and the characters of the competitors are poorly developed, but the movie is at least visually spectacular.

EARTHQUAKE — A traditional blockbuster (no pun intended), "Earthquake" has skyscrapers collapsing amidst burning streets and dams bursting. Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner star, Richard 'Shaft' Rownirce does an Evel Knievel, Lorne Greene, wheeler deals, and George Kennedy kills a berserk National Guardsman who, having already shot three of his mates, tries his hand etc. at rape. Action packed.

EXODUS — Revival of the film made 18 years ago about the birth of the State of Israel and the struggle of thousands of refugees to reach their promised land. Directed by Otto Preminger from the screenplay by Dalton Trumbo based on the best-seller by Leon Uris. The all-star cast includes Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, Sal Mineo, Ralph Richardson, Peter Lawford, Lee J. Cobb and Gregory Ratoff.

HENNESSY — Tense, realistic thriller with an explosive ending about a distraught Ulsterman's attempt to blow up the British Queen and the Houses of Parliament. First rate acting particularly from Rod Steiger as Hennessy and Richard Johnson as Inspector Hollis of Scotland Yard.

JUDITH — Revival of the 1966 Paramount film, directed with considerable skill by Daniel Mann and shot in Israel. Stars Sophia Loren, Peter Finch and Jack Hawkins, with supporting roles for Zaharira Harifai, Shraga Friedman and other local actors. The dramatic story, from a screenplay based on a novella by Lawrence Durrell, is set in Palestine on the eve of Israel's independence.

LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME — Revolves round the relationship between a seven-year-old boy and his junk-dealing grandfather, members of a Russian-Jewish family living in the Montreal of the 'twenties. Story and characters are of the all too-familiar type and it is all very sentimental but Yossi Yadin makes a sympathetic *Zaide* and little Jeffrey Lynas is a charming child. Screenplay by Ted Allan, directed by Jan Kadar ("The Shop on the High Street").

MANDINGO — A screen adaptation of Kyle Onstott's best-selling novel set in America's Old South, and starring James Mason, Susan George and Perry King. Richard Fleischer directs with a heavy hand, as the agonies suffered by the black slaves are piled on and sensationalised, but he makes some amends with his superb recreation of a long-vanished world.

MY MICHAEL — Impressive screen version of Amos Oz's best-seller, with director Dan Wolman succeeding in catching the novel's lyrical quality. Set in 1950s Jerusalem, this tragic story tells of a young husband and wife who drift apart through lack of communication. Beautiful performances from Efrat Lavie and Oded Kotler, in one of the best Israeli films to date.

THE NIGHT PORTER — Shocking film of erotic relationship between a former S.S. officer (Dirk Bogarde) and a woman (Charlotte Rampling) who had been his sex slave in a concentration camp 14 years prior to events recounted. Bogarde's performance is outstanding. Directed by Liliana Cavani.

THE ROMANTIC ENGLISHWOMAN — Intriguing psychological drama laced with humour. Directed by Joseph Losey with his usual flair and featuring immaculate performances by Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine and Helmut Berger. The film is based on the novel by Thomas Wiseman, who himself wrote the subtle and urbane screenplay together with Tom Stoppard. Slightly pretentious, but recommended.

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE — Ingmar Bergman's remarkable study of an intimate relationship with a magical performance by Liv Ullman and fine acting by Erland Josephson as her husband. Three hours viewing that keeps the viewer's attention rivetted throughout.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC — Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer, super songs, fine scenery, great plot with no naughty bits; entertainment for all the family.

TOMMY — Finally Pete Townshend's 1969 Rock opera makes the silver screen. Ken Russell directs this musical saga of a deaf, dumb and blind kid. Tommy, who is miraculously cured. The Who, Oliver Reed, Ann-Margaret, Elton John, Eric Clapton, and Tina Turner are all featured.

WHAT'S ON

PLANT A TREE IN ISRAEL WITH YOUR OWN HANDS: Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors' Department; Keren Kayemet LeIsrael (Jewish National Fund): in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Kayemet. Tel. 02-35261. In Tel Aviv. 96 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel. Tel. 03-234449.

JERUSALEM

HADASSAH TOURS
1. Medical Centre at 9.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3.00 p.m. Last tour on Friday at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building. No charge. Buses 19 and 27.
2. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects. $3 per person towards transportation. By reservation only: Tel. 416333.

HEBREW UNIVERSITY, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Mount Scopus tours 11.30 a.m. from Truman Building. Further details: Tel. 35430.

JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO, Schneller Wood, Romema. Tel. 533822, 7.30 a.m. — dusk.

JERUSALEM KHAN, near the Rlwy. Stn. Tales of Jerusalem, musical — Jerusalem in legend and song, in English. Every Tue. and Sat. at 8 p.m. Buses 4, 6, 7, 8, 10.

AMERICAN MIZRACHI WOMEN, Guest Tours — Jerusalem — Tel. 521608, 222646.

TOURISTS AND VISITORS come and see the General Israel Orphans Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6 Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 523201.

HESSE'S PIANO BAR, 5 Ben Sheta, near Yafo. Pianist. Quiet atmosphere.

TEL AVIV

PIONEER WOMEN — MOETZET HAPOALOT, Courtesy Tours Sunday through Thursday morning. By appointment only, Tel. 261111, ext. 566, Tel Aviv.

AMERICAN MIZRACHI WOMEN, Guest Tours — Tel Aviv — Tel. 220187, 243106.

NATIONAL RELIGIOUS WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION, MIZRAHI and HAPOEL MIZRAHI WOMEN IN ISRAEL, 166 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv; Tel. 03-788942, 03-440316. Jerusalem: Tel.02-30620, 02-35262.

WORLD WIZO TOURIST OFFICE, 116 Reh. Hayarkon. Tel. 232939, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.

CANADIAN HADASSAH-WIZO OFFICE, 116 Rehov Hayarkon. Tel. 227060, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.

WOMEN'S LEAGUE FOR ISRAEL, 37 King George St., Tel Aviv. Conducted tours of homes, please call: Tel Aviv Tel. 249189; Jerusalem Tel. 39840; Haifa Tel. 666177; Netanya Tel. 23564.

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Headquarters — 60 Rehov Giborei Israel, Tel Aviv. Visitors — Please call 36222 between 8.00 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. to arrange visits to our Central Blood Bank in Jaffa and for information regarding other Magen David Adom installations.

ORT ISRAEL: For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 269165, 762291-2; ORT Jerusalem. Tel. 233675; ORT Netanya, Tel. 22922.

Visit the **ISRAELI WAX MUSEUM** and **SHALOM OBSERVATORY.** Open daily at Shalom Tower, Tel Aviv, Tel. 57304.

AMERICAN MIZRACHI WOMEN. Guest Tours — Tel Aviv — Tel. 220187, 243106.

REHOVOT

WEIZMANN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE Conducted tours. Sun. to Fri. at 10.30 a.m., starting from the lobby of the Stone Administration Building.

CAESAREA

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ART GUIDE

JERUSALEM

NEW ACQUISITIONS OF ISRAELI ART: Malevich: Graphic Work 1913-1930; "Open Workshop I" — exhibition by young Israeli artists.

ISRAEL MUSEUM: Exhibitions: "Works in Thread 1974/75" — works by Israeli artists and industrial products; foreign artists about Recycling at the Museum: Life and Art in Papua New Guinea, the Shipman Collection: Wonderful World of Paper; Painted Greek Vases — An Exercise in Observation; Our Pupils at Work — 1975; Roman mosaic pavement from Nablus, 3rd-4th cent. C.E. (at Rockefeller).
Visiting hours: Israel Museum and Rockefeller — Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. Shrine of the Book and Billy Rose Art Garden 10 a.m.-10 p.m., Israel Museum 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Rockefeller: Sun.-Thur. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Israel Museum and Rockefeller: Fri., Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

GALLERIE VISION NOUVELLE, Y. and S. Hamiache. Khutsot Hayotser, original prints by contemporary European artists. Tel. 02-289864.

GYDA GALLERY, 9 Balfour St., Tel. 61089. Works on Paper. Till Dec. 31. December visiting hours: 5-8 p.m.; Sat. 11 a.m.-2 p.m.

STELLA SAPER STUDIO, 6 Rehov Bar Kochba, French Hill, Tel. 02-813260. Tapestries, wallhangings, prints.
Bracha Mason enamels, prints, drawings.
Studio open every Thursday, 10 a.m.-9 p.m.

ARTA GALLERY, Reh. Akiva, near Orgil Cinema. Felice Pasner Malkin, drawings, reliefs, "Art as Love" Series. Daily 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 5-7 p.m. Sat. 11 a.m.-1 p.m.

HOLYLAND HOTEL, Bayit Vegan. ARTISTS' AND CRAFTSMEN'S ASSOC. Exhibition. Open daily 10.00 a.m.-9.30 p.m. Bus 6/1.

DEBEL GALLERY, Ein Kerem, Tel. 02-417786. Siri Berg. Permanent exhibition: Israeli contemporaries and naives. Mon.-Thur. 11 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-7 p.m. Sat. 11 a.m.-2 p.m.

SHATZ GALLERY, 4 Rehov Shatz. Eve Menes, watercolours. Hours: Sun. - Thurs. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 5-7 p.m. Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

TEL AVIV

TEL AVIV MUSEUM, 27 Sderot Shaul Hamelech. Impressionism in Graphic Art.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION: Yosl Berger, paintings, 1955-75.
Visiting hours: Museum, both buildings, Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m.); Tues. 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-10 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.), Fri., 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Sat. 7-11 p.m.

HA'ARETZ MUSEUM, TEL AVIV
1) Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv: Glass Museum; Kadmon Numismatic Museum; Ceramics Museum; Museum of Science and Technology; Museum of Ethnography and Folklore; Alphabet Museum; Lasky Planetarium; Nechushtan Pavilion: Timna Excavations; Tel Qasile Excavations.
2) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Hafo, 10 Rehov Mifrats Shlomo.
3) Museum of the History of Tel Aviv-Yafo, 27 Rehov Bialik.
All Museums open: Sun — Thurs., 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri., 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m. On Sat., admission free. Planetarium closed.

RIEBENFELD GALLERY; Simtat Mazal Gdi, Old Jaffa, Tel. 825273. Paintings by Yoav Shoaly. Visiting hours, 8.30-11.30 p.m., incl. Sat.

SHULAMIT GAON, paintings "In Africa" at Beit Yad Lebanim, 63 Rehov Pincus. Daily 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m. Fri. and Sat. 1.00 a.m.-1 p.m.

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A war of a few against many

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★ Jack Andrews
★ Zaharira Charifai
★ Joseph Gross ★ Zipora Peled
★ Alexander Yahalomi
Directed by Daniel Mann
From a story by Lawrence Durrell
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Radio for music lovers

Please note: all broadcasts up to 14.00 are in MONO; all programmes after 16.00 are in STEREO — unless stated otherwise.

TODAY: 08.10: Brahms: "Academic Festival Overture" (Koussevitzky); Beethoven: Concerto No.5 (Serkin-Bernstein). 09.05: Michael Haydn: Divertimento; Saint-Saens: "Morceau de concert" (Zabaleta, harp); Borodin: Symphony No.3. 11.35 Music from Vietnam. 12.05 (Stereo): JSO-Ben-Haim: "Hodaya" (Foss); Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No. 3 (A. Lanzman-Rodan). 13.05: Offenbach: Excerpts from "La vie Parisienne" (Fr. Pelleg). 17.05: Rossini: Introduction, Theme & Variations, for Clarinet; Berlioz: Harold in Italy (Benyamini-IPO-Mehta); Debussy: La Mer (Martinon). 21.05: Bach: Violin Concerto in A minor (Grumiaux); Bruckner: Symphony No. 4 (Walter). 23.05 "A Russian Hour."

SATURDAY: 08.05 (Stereo): Schubert: Octet. 09.30: Quiz. 13.05: Music in a light vein. 15.05-17.00 (Mono) "The Good, the Bad, and the Premiere" (repeat) on Berlioz. 21.05: "The Creation," Oratorio by Haydn (IPO-Fruehbeck de Burgos) — until midnight.

SUNDAY: 08.10: Mozart: Intermezzi from "Thamos, King of Egypt"; Beethoven: Sonata, op.30, No.2 (Zukerman-Barenboim). 09.05: Brahms: Trio op.87 (Beaux Arts); Janacek: "Idyll" for Strings. 11.15: Schumann: Adagio & Allegro (Dennis Brain, horn); Shostakovich: Prelude & Fugue No.14 (Richter); Campo: Concertino for Clarinets & Piano; Schubert: Fantasy in F minor (Duo Milton & Peggy Salkind). 12.05: Bach: Sonata No. 1 (V. Vaidman); Beethoven: Sonata (Spring); Schubert: Serenade: Leoncavallo: Arioso from "Pagliacci"; Cilea: Aria from "L'Arlesienne" (Giuseppe Carbonari). 13.05: Popular Classics. 16.10 Teleman: Motet; Hassler: Mass. 17.10 Musica Viva: Stutchevsky: "Sine Nomine" (Wiesel, cello); Henze: Remembrances from the Cimarron (Bruaer, guitar). 17.40 (Mono-repeat); Quiz. 21.05 (Mono): "Contrasts" — music by Brahms & Debussy — until 23.00. 23.05: Vivaldi: Concerto for two Mandolines; Haydn: Symphony No.11; Mozart: Concerto for Flute & Harp.

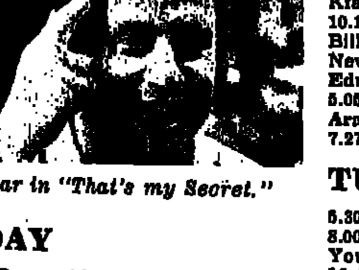
MONDAY: 08.10: Bizet: "Roma" Suite; Respighi: "Fountains of Rome." 09.05: Copland: "Quiet Town"; Gershwin: "An American in Paris"; Milhaud: "A Frenchman in New York." 11.15: Schuetz: Motet; Haydn: Quartet, op.20, No.4; Rachmaninov: Barcarole; "The Nightingale" (arr. Seiber). 12.05: An Hour with Leonid Cogan. 13.05: Schubert: Sonata in A (Zaritzkaya); Schubert-Liszt: Two Songs; Liszt: Two Etudes. 16.10: Fortner: Ballad; Bruckner: Symphony No.5. 21.05: Radio Music Club. 23.05: Mozart: Sonata, K. 380 (Habler-Szeryng); Schumann: "Dichterliebe" (Schreier).

TUESDAY: 08.10: Handel: Trio Sonata; Bach: Concerto in C minor for two Pianos; Mozart: Divertimento No.11. 09.05: Busoni: Divertimento for Flute & Orch.; C Bizet: Suite from "Carmen." 11.15: First Broadcast: Nachshon Rand, piano—Bach: Toccata in E minor; Beethoven: Variations on the Turkish March; Webern: Piece for Piano; Shapiro: "Toy Fair"; Bartok: Allegro barbaro. 12.05: "Paris— the Refuge of Composers" — (Halpern) music by Rachmaninov, Cherubini, Rossini, Chopin, Spontini, Offenbach. 13.05: Milhaud: Mediterranean Overture; Brixi: Organ Concerto No.2; Schuetz: "Benedicam Dominum"; Beethoven: Allegro from unfinished Concerto (F. Blumenthal). 16.10: Continuous Music. 17.20 (Mono): Dvorak: Quartet No.6 ("American"); Mozart: from Sonata, K.481. 21.05: JSO-Wohl: "Those Times" (Cassuto); Paganini: Violin Concerto No.1 (Belkin-Shapirra); Handel: "Judas Maccabaeus" (Sperber). 23.05: An Hour with Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach.

WEDNESDAY: 08.10: Lulli: Ballet Suite (Rodan); Albrechtsberger: Organ Concerto. 09.05: Weber: "Euryanthe" Overture; Schumann: Cello Concerto (Rostropovich); Sibelius: Symphony No. 7 (Maazel). 11.15: Miniatures. 12.05 (repeat): 3 Elisabethan Songs (Zakai); Beethoven: Sonata, op.10, No.3 (Bronfman); Dvorak: Gypsy Songs; Ben-Haim: Canzonetta & Toccata. 13.05: Popular Classics. 16.10 (Mono): Tchaikovsky: "The Seasons" (Neuman). 17.10 (Mono-repeat): Art Songs in Instrumental Music — part five. 22.05 (Mono): Artists meet in ways to higher perfection — Gina Bachauer & Shoshana Rudiakov. 23.05: An Hour of Jazz.

THURSDAY: 08.10: Dvorak: "In the Realm of Nature"; Smetana: Two Vocal Works; Harris: Symphony No.3 (Bernstein). 09.05: Shostakovich: Cello Concerto, op. 107 (Rostropovich); Haydn: Symphony No.81. 11.15 Sibelius: excerpt from "Finlandia"; Haydn: Divertimento; Prokofiev: "Lieutenant Kije" Suite; Schubert: Marche militaire. 12.05: Schubert: Trio, op.100 (Yuval); Chopin: Introduction and Polonaise brilliante (Heled-Zak). 16.10: JSO-Berlioz: "Roman Carnival" Overture (Foss); Mozart: Piano Concerto in F (Taussig-Rodan); Kilon: "Prayers" (Aronovich). 17.10; Martin: Violin Concerto (Chen-Capolongo); Brahms: Haydn Variations (Bertini). 21.05 (Mono): "New Dimensions" — music by Ives, Yunsa, Live Projections, Moran, Halpern. 22.05: Magazine. 23.05: Mahler's Third Symphony — Part Three (Brodizky).

TV Programmes


Uri Zohar in "That's my Secret."

FRIDAY

8.00 "To Rome with Love." 8.30 Erev Shabbat Programme. 8.05 Erev Shabbat Programme. 8.20 Weekly Magazine. 9.20 "Mogle Pericolose" — an Italian Comedy with Sylva Koscina and Renato Salvatore. 10.50 "Multi-media." 11.50 News.
Educational: 8.15 Maths. 7. 8.40 Literature 7-9, 9.05 Geometry 8. 9.25 Science/Physics 8. 10.00 Biology 10. 10.20 Citizenship 7. 10.45 Advice and Guidance 7. 11.05 Society and Culture. 2.00 Story. 2.15 Documentary. 2.55 Programme for Hanukka.
Arabic: 6.00 News. 6.02 Film. 7.45 News. 9.02 Programme Review.

SATURDAY

8.00 Hamavdil 8.30 Mabat. 9.15 Mabat Sport. 10.15 "The Saint." 11.45 News.
Arabic: 6.00 News. 6.02 Cartoons. 6.15 Requests. 6.45 Music and Poetry. 7.30 News.

SUNDAY

5.30 "The story of a Clown." 6.00 Programme for Hanukka. 8.00 Lighting of 3rd Hanukka Candle. 8.05 "That's my Secret." 8.30 "All in the Family." 9.00 Mabat. 9.30 "Tandu." 10.30 "Fall of the Eagles" — "Dearest Nicky." (B.B.C. Documentary). 11.20 News.
Educational: 4.00 Handiwork. 4.15 "Art in U.S.A." 4.40 "Challenge."
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 "Elephant Boy." 7.00 Documentary. 7.30 News and Weekly magazine.

MONDAY

5.30 "Windows on the World." 6.00 Songs. 8.00 Lighting of 4th Hanukka Candle. 8.05 "Petrocelli." 9.00 Mabat. 9.30 "In Kibbutz Kfar Maccabi" — programme for Hanukka. 10.15 Drama: Kisses at Fifty" (B.B.C.) with Bill Maynard and Marjorie Yates. 11.25 News.
Educational: 4.00 Songs. 4.20 "Robin Hood." 5.05 "Landscape of Israel."
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 Sport. 7.17 Projector. 7.27 Programme Review. 7.30 News.

TUESDAY

5.30 "Telepele." 5.50 Cartoon. 6.00 "George." 8.00 Lighting of 5th Hanukka Candle. 8.05 Youth Magazine. 8.30 "Morasha." 9.00 Mabat. 9.30 "Hawai 5-0" 10.20 Moked. 11.10 "Love American Style." 11.40 News.
Educational: 4.00 Legend. 4.27 Documentary. 5.15 Nathan Alterman's songs.
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 Innovations and Inventions. 6.45 Songs. 7.00 Family Magazine. 7.30 News.

WEDNESDAY

5.30 Circus. 5.40 "Disneyland." 8.00 Lighting of 6th Hanukka Candle. 8.05 "The Pallisers." 9.00 Mabat. 9.30 "All Beginnings. 10.00 "39 Steps" — Alfred Hitchcock's film (1935) with Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll. 11.30 News.
Educational: 4.00 Story. 4.15 Programme for Hanukka. 4.30 Sir Francis Drake. 5.00 "The Golden Gate."
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 For youth. 7.05 "Know Israel." 7.27 Programme Review. 7.30 News.

THURSDAY

5.30 "Telepele." 5.50 Cartoons. 6.10 Puppet Show. 8.00 Lighting of the 7th Hanukka Candle. 8.05 The Match of the Week. 8.50 Programme Trailer. 9.00 Mabat. 9.30 "Kolbotek." 10.00 "Cleaning the Head." 10.40 "Alias Smith and Jones." 11.80 News.
Educational: 4.00 Film — "Art." 4.30 Songs for Hanukka. 4.42 "The Eye." 5.00 Youth Magazine.
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 Quiz. 6.45 "Day in the Village." 7.30 News.

On the air

HEBREW NEWS AND NEWSREELS
1st Programme: News: Today and Tomorrow: 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 1.00 p.m., 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 and midnight.
Newsreels: Today: 7.05 p.m.
2nd Programme: News: Today and Tomorrow: 6.05 a.m., 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 1.00 p.m., 2.00, 3.0, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.0, midnight and 1.00 a.m.
Newsreels: Today: 7.05 a.m., 1.05 p.m.
Galei Zahal: News: Today and Tomorrow: 6.00 a.m. 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 1.00 p.m., 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, midnight and 1.00 a.m., 2.00, 3.00, 4.00.
Newsreels: Today: 8.05 a.m., 6.05 p.m.
Tomorrow: 11.45 p.m.

ENGLISH NEWS AND PROGRAMMES
7.00 a.m. (4th programme and short waves); 2.00-2.30 p.m. (4th programme and short waves); 6.00 p.m. (4th programme); 8.00-8.15 p.m. (4th programme); 10.00-10.55 p.m. (short waves).

FRENCH NEWS AND PROGRAMMES
7.15 a.m. (4th programme and sort waves); 2.30-3.00 p.m. (4th programme and short waves); 6.05 p.m. (4th programme); 8.15-8.30 p.m. (4th programme); 11.00-1.00 a.m. (short waves).
3rd Programme (short waves) 16, 19, 25, 31, 33 41 and 49 M.
4th Programme — 407, 446 and 2952 M.

FIRST PROGRAMME
For details of music programmes please consult the "Radio for Music Lovers" column on page B.

TODAY

7.58 a.m. Opening 8.10 "Morning Concert." 10.05 Song and Melody. 10.15 Programmes for Elementary Schools 10.35 "Radiodea." 11.00 News in easy Hebrew. 11.05 "Ivrit La'am." 11.15 Programmes for Elementary Schools. 11.35 Music from Vietnam. 11.05 (Stereo) Jer. Sympn. Orch. 1.55 Programme Trailer. 2.10 Mother and Child. 3.05 Lighting of 1st Hanukka Candle. 3.15 Kabbalat Shabbat. 4.10 "The Years of our Life." 5.05 (Stereo) — Afternoon Music." 6.30 Literary Magazine. 7.05 "The Weekly column." 8.05 "Me and My Prayer." 8.30 "Radio-Story." 9.05 "Classical Request Programme." (Stereo). 11.05 Music for day's end. 12.10 A Moment of Poetry. 12.13 Close Down.

TOMORROW

7.55 a.m. Opening 8.05 "Morning Concert" 9.05 World of Science. 9.30 Musical Quiz. 10.05 "The Weekly Diary." 11.05 "Radio-Drama." 12.05 "Broadcasting and Adult Education." 1.05 Music in a light vein. 1.55 Programme Trailer 2.10 Mother and Child. 3.05 "Musical Encounters." 5.05 Spanish Songs. 5.30 "The Open Microphone." 6.04 Lighting of 2nd Hanukka Candle. 6.14 "The Open Microphone (cont.). 7.05 The Weekly Diary (repeat) 7.50 Bible Reading. Melachim B., chaps. 3 and 4. 8.05 "Hamavdil." 9.05 Opera: Haydn: "Creation of the World." 12.10 Reading in the Maccabee Book. 12.13 Close Down.

SECOND PROGRAMME
457, 423, 255, 249, 355 and 340 M

TODAY: 5.58 a.m. Opening. 6.00 Religious Service. 6.10 Gymnastics. 6.20 Musical Clock. 6.55 Programme Announcements. 6.50 "A Moment of Hebrew." 7.05 "This Morning." 7.35 "Hebrew Songs." 7.55 "Green Light." 8.10 "Good Morning." 8.55 Announcements. 9.05 "Good Morning." (cont.) 10.05 "Here at Home." 11.45 A Few Moments With..." 12.05 Programme for the Worker and the Employer. 12.30 Hebrew Songs. 1.05 p.m. "At Midday." 2.10 "Here, There and Everywhere." 3.05 Lighting of 1st Hanukka Candle. 3.15 "Here, There, Everywhere" (cont.). 4.10 "Weekend" — with Iris Lavie and Amnon Rubinstein. 5.05 "A Trip to Nepal." 6.05 Together and Separately." 6.55 Announcements. 9.05 "Stage and Screen." 10.45 Hebrew Songs. 11.05 Yaakov Agmon Entertains. 1.05 Close Down.

TOMORROW

6.58 a.m. Opening. 7.00 Religious Service. 7.10 Hebrew Songs. 8.05 Announcements. 8.10 Morning Tunes. 8.55 A. Allon's Corner. 9.05 Morning Tunes (cont.). 10.05 The Success of Joe Cocker." 11.05 "Do Re Me" — programme for Hanukka. 12.05 "It Makes Me Laugh." 12.45 "Who, When, Where." 1.05 "A Small Hour." 2.10 "Songs and Goals." 5.05 "Hawai 1-0-0" — police stories. 6.04 Lighting of 2nd Hanukka Candle. 6.14 Hebrew Songs. 6.30 Sports. 6.55 Announcements. 9.05 Oriental Song Festival (live). 10.15 Light Music 10.45 Oriental Song Festival (cont.). 12.10 "Radiotek." 1.05 Close Down.

FIFTH PROGRAMME
445 M

Today and Tomorrow: 6.58 p.m. Opening 7.00 News. 7.05 Song and Melody. 8.00 News. 8.05 Song and Melody.

IMMIGRANTS' HOUR
457, 423, 249, 355 and 345 M

7.00 p.m. News in easy Hebrew, Ivrit La'am. 7.15 Georgian. 7.30 Yiddish. 8.00 Ladino. 8.15 Mograbi. 8.30 Rumanian. 8.45 Russian. 9.00 Close Down.

GALEI ZAHAL
234, 230 and 220 M.

Today: 5.03 a.m. Morning Tunes. 5.58 Morning Prayer. 6.05 Morning Tunes. 6.55 Gymnastics. 7.05 Programme for Drivers. 7.55 Programme Trailer. 8.05 Zahal's Newsreel. 9.05 Requests. 10.05 "Warm and Tasty." 12.05 "Midday Star." 12.15 "Soldiers Ask. Aga Answers." 12.40 "The Jewish Viewpoint." 12.55 "The Short Hassidic Story." 1.05 With Shlomo Nitzan. 1.55 Announcements. 2.05 "Marganit" Hit Parade. 2.55 Prophetic Portion of the Week. 3.05 "Three o'clock on Friday afternoon." 5.05 "Pregnancy." 5.55 Programme Trailer. 6.05 Zahal's Weekly Magazine. 7.05 Didi Manosi's short Friday. 7.53 Story for Hanukka. 8.05 The Story of the Italian King's Piano. 9.05 Songs for Hanukka. 10.05 "An Hour with Ehud Gera." 11.05 "Dancing Party." 2.05 "We Don't Want to Sleep." 5.05 "Five-Five." — song and tunes.
Tomorrow: 5.05 a.m. Saturday Morning. 5.58 Morning Prayer. 7.05 Saturday Morning Prayer. 7.05 Saturday Morning (cont.). 8.05 "Sandwich." 9.55 Programme Trailer. 10.05 Songs that were born with the State of Israel. 11.05 "Entertainment 1975." 12.05 "In the Footsteps of the Maccabim." 1.05 p.m. "Personal Questions." 3.05 "Songs of the Past." 4.05 "60 Minutes of Hanukka." 5.05 "Tmol Shilshom" by Shai Agnon. 5.45 The Heritages of Professor Aharon Katzir. 6.05 "The Multiplication Table." 6.55 Programme trailer. 7.05 Book Review. 7.53 Story of Hanukka. 8.05 Musical. 9.05 "Tradition." 9.30 Boat the Record Library. 11.05 An Hour with Noam Sheriff. 11.45 Zahal's Newsreel. 12.10 "Night Birds." 1.50 Bedside Story. 2.05 Tunes in the night. 5.05 "Five-Five." — songs and tunes.

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Fri.	Nov. 28, 2.00 p.m.	— YOUNG APHRODITES — Nikos Koundouros*
Sat.,	Nov. 29, 7.00 p.m.	— WOMAN IN THE DUNES — Hiroshi Teshigara
	9.30 p.m.	— MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN — Pierre Adidge
Mon.,	Dec. 1, 7.00 p.m.	— OF HUMAN BONDAGE—John Cromwell
	9.30 p.m.	— A BOUT DE SOUFFLE — Jean Luc Godard
Wed.,	Dec. 3, 5.00 p.m.	— ANNA KARENINA — Clarence Brown
	7.00 p.m.	— MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY — Frank Lloyd
	9.30 p.m.	— LES CARABINIERS — Jean Luc Godard

*Greek dialogue, Hebrew subtitles
Screenings: M. Shaver Auditorium, Beit Agron, 37 Rehov Hillel

סינמטק
haifa cinematheque
*German Cinema, 1930-33
**Hollywood in the forties

Saturday, November 29
APE AND SUPER-APE 5.00 p.m.
**PORTRAIT OF JENNIE 7.00 p.m.
*"M" 9.30 p.m.
**LADY HAMILTON 11.30 p.m.

Sunday, November 30
*I DAY TIME YOU AT NIGHT 7.00 p.m.
DIARY OF A FILM DIRECTOR — Fellini 9.30 p.m.

Monday, December 1
*BERLIN ALEXANDERPLATZ 7.00 p.m.
TARZAN AND THE HUNTERS midnight

Tuesday, December 2
*KAMMERADSCHAFT 7.00 p.m.
PIERRE PAOLO PASSOLINI COMMEMORATIVE EVENING 9.30 p.m.

Wednesday, December 3
FIVE EASY PIECES 7.00 p.m.
*THREE PENNY OPERA 9.30 p.m.

Thursday, December 4
SATYRICON — Fellini 6.30 p.m.
LA BETE HUMAINE 8.45 p.m.
**GO WEST midnight

Friday, December 5
THE FRENCH CONNECTION 8.00 p.m.
Every day of Hanukka week at 4.00 p.m.
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Brass Quintet of the Philharmonic Orchestra
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Jerusalem Tomorrow, Nov. 29 Nov. 30
ROMEO AND JULIET
Haifa Dec. 1, Dec. 2 Dec. 3
THE JOKER
Tel Aviv, Nahmani Tomorrow, Nov. 29
LITTLE SHRAGA
Hatzor Sun., Nov. 30

The Cameri Theatre
CORIOLANUS
Tomorrow, Nov. 29
Sun., Nov. 30
A PIG'S LIFE
Mon., Dec. 1
Tue., Dec. 2
GOVERNOR OF JERICHO
Haifa Mon., Dec. 1
RUMPELSTILTSKIN
Sun., Nov. 30
Mon., Dec. 1

Habimah
THE TREASURE
Tomorrow, Nov. 29 9.45 p.m.
Tue., Dec. 2 9.00 p.m.
OF LIGHT-MINDEDNESS AND FRIVOLITY
Tomorrow, Nov. 29
Sun., Nov. 30
Mon., Dec. 1
Tue., Dec. 2
MOTHER COURAGE
at 9 p.m.
Sun., Nov. 30
Mon., Dec. 1

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DIANE KEATON
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EFRAT LAVIE
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ROD STEIGER
LEE REMICK
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GENE HACKMAN
CANDICE BERGEN
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PAPER TIGER
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ELI WALLACH
THOMAS MILIAN
SAMURAI
4, 6.45, 9

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in Elia Kazan's
ON THE WATERFRONT
Winner of 8 Oscars

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OLIVIA HUSSEY
LEONARD WHITING
ROMEO AND JULIET
6.45, 9.15

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2nd week
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JACK LEMMON
The Front Page
6.45, 9

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LE CHAT ET LA SOURIS
CLAUDE LALOUCHE
MICHEL MORGAN
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FUNNY LADY
BARBRA STREISAND
JAMES CAAN
7, 9.30

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2nd week
Sat. night and all week
TOMMY
7, 9.15

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DIRK BOGARDE
CHARLOTTE RAMPLING
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Weekdays: 7, 9.15
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7.00, 9.30

LILI
PIERRE RICHARD
Je Sais Rien Mais Je Dirai Tout
7.15, 9.30
Mats. at 4:
WALT DISNEY'S
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EXODUS
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Starring the Gay Chariots
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7.15, 9.30

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Adults only
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The Doberman Gang
ROBERT WAGNER
and the DOBERMANS
Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Sun., Wed., Thurs. 3.30, 7.15, 9.15
Mon. 7.15, 9.15
Tues. 3.30, 7.15
Mon. Matinee 4
EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES

...es) "Water for King David" at the 1970 Israel Song Festival. (Below, left) Suits and ties were an original gimmick. (Right) The Roosters troupe.

Yitzhak Gratziani — "Ziko," the Bulgarian hero of a recent "This is Your Life" programme on television — has always been the musical director of the Gashash shows and has written the music of many of their famous songs, such as "Not One Gets Up."

Talking of that television programme, I complain bitterly to Gavri, as a devout TV viewer, that the Gashashim appear so seldom on my screen, although they can be heard frequently on the radio.

Unabashed, he admits that this is deliberate policy.

"We want people to come to see our show and buy our records. We don't want to make it easy for them to get the Gashashim at home. Besides, you know Israel Television — poor souls, they've no money at all to pay performers."

SO FAR the Gashashim have produced 15 records, which have been best-sellers by Israeli standards. Unfortunately, these standards are not very high — "Five thousand is a cause for rejoicing."

"Pasha tells us," says Gavri, "That no group doing sketches, as distinct from pop music, has produced 15 successful records, so there is some glory in it, and even a little profit."

To what does he ascribe their popularity?

"One possible explanation is that we comment on society in terms familiar to Moroccans and Yemenites and *yekkes* and sabras and everyone else in Israel. We don't do skits on these types, as everyone used to do; we try to see things through their eyes. People see themselves and their wives and their friends in our sketches, but in a happy way, a funny way they like, not a cruel one.

"When the Yom Kippur War broke out, we were all called up for 180 days. After we got back, we were very worried — in the prevailing mood of the country, what could we be funny about? But the public ate up our new show.

"The radio asked us once how long we could go on — we answered that as long as Israel has plumbers and policemen and Moroccans and football players and Yemenites and problems, we can go on and on and on."

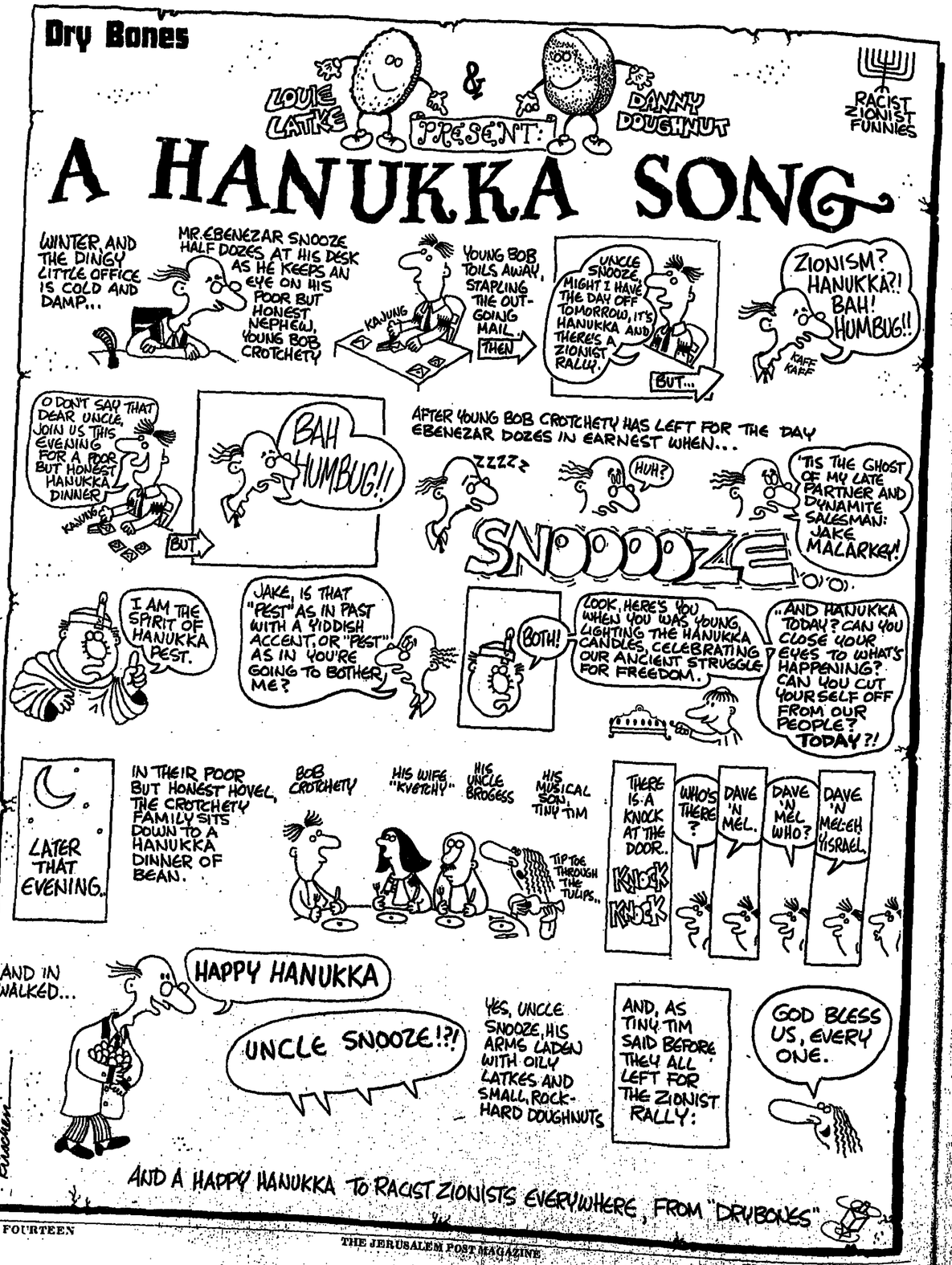
And yet, I say anxiously, there are rumours every Monday and Thursday that they are considering splitting up, each one to go on his own. This $64,000 question (IL640,000 on the black market) is shrugged off with contempt.

"There's no truth at all in those rumours."

Efforts to translate their shows into English have all failed so far, although they frequently go to the United States, performing in Hebrew to the delight of the Israelis in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and San Franscisco. But few of the hundreds of thousands of Jews who are now proudly proclaiming themselves Zionists know these trackers, such a vital aspect of Israeli life, which is a pity.

THEIRS is a new sort of humour, remote indeed from Shalom Aleichem and the other tragi-comic humorists of the *shtetl*: Gashash humour, like all Israeli humour, is robust, satirical, full of belly laughs, but completely without pathos. It is more Elizabethan than Yiddish. May they carry on in this vein till 120.

Oh, I nearly forgot the plug. For their bar mitzva year they have produced a golden album, a giveaway at a mere IL 128 in our ludicrous currency. If you really have a barmitzvah lad, here is the way to his heart.



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

THE BEAUTY BOX

MOST OF the cosmetics we buy in Israel are manufactured or at least bottled or packaged locally — but you would scarcely know this from the labelling. A majority of these products carry no Hebrew inscription and no local place-name, even though there is a law since 1969 requiring it.

Well-informed shoppers know that the international firms Helena Rubinstein, Revlon, Helene Curtis and Mary Quant all have factories in Israel. To this list we can add Outdoor Girl, an economy line which has just arrived on our market, but so far only in the Greater Tel Aviv region.

Outdoor Girl, a London-based brand, keeps prices down by eliminating frills, especially in packaging. Its cosmetics come in simple, green, plastic containers with no outer wrappings. Prices are 30 to 50 per cent lower than comparable products of most other firms, though slightly higher than those of Taya, Lon, and Helene Curtis.

The Helene Curtis, Mary Quant and now Outdoor Girl factories in Israel all belong to the Histadrut's Koor Industries. Shlomo Eilat, managing director of Koor's Cosmetics Centre, told me that the three firms are "not really competitors of one another. Mary Quant is a pacesetter in makeup fashions, probably the most daring in the field today, and its packaging is more elegant than that of the other two Koor cosmetic companies. Helene Curtis is best known for its hair-care products and considered very staid and unexciting in facial makeup. Outdoor Girl, which claims to be the No. One selling cosmetic brand in England today, does have the modern look in makeup.

If international-brand cosmetics are made here, why do they cost twice and three times what they cost in London or New York? According to Mr. Eilat, the difference is caused by the various purchase taxes and customs duties levied here on both the raw materials and the finished products, which amount to about 100 per cent of the manufacturer's price. This would explain, I suppose, why our cosmetics cost twice as much as abroad, but sometimes the differential is even greater than that. And other countries also put some luxury taxes on cosmetics.

I purchased a tube of Outdoor Girl lipstick — recommended retail price IL11.80, although you can get it somewhat cheaper at the so-called "discount" perfumeries. On the bottom of the lipstick tube, the label is entirely in English, and it says "Made in England." As though an afterthought, there is a small Hebrew sticker affixed to the side of the tube, but it peels off easily. The sticker has the initials Alef, Daled, Gimmel (for Out Door Girl), and the words "Heltis, T.A." which stands for Helene Curtis, Tel Aviv. To the average shopper, this is not sufficient to indicate that the product is made here in Israel.

WHY ARE our cosmetic makers so reluctant to admit paternity of their products? Mr. Eilat gave several excuses: some of the packaging is made abroad; some of the products are meant for export (mainly to Turkey, Cyprus and Africa) as well as for local consumption. Then there is the familiar argument that the names "Paris" and "London" have a higher reputation in the cosmetics field than does "Tel Aviv." (But how we will ever gain a good reputation, if we don't advertise our manufactures?) Mr. Eilat denied that the English-only labelling policy is intended either to evade the Arab boycott or to lend snob appeal for the Israeli market. One of the manufacturers' arguments is that some cosmetics, particularly lipsticks, are too small to carry a lot of printed information.

If existing laws on labelling were enforced, every cosmetic product sold here would state — in Hebrew — the name of the product, a brief description of it, the name and address of the manufacturer, and the quantity. The Ministry of Health, whose job it is to supervise cosmetics, is negotiating with manufacturers to obtain their voluntary compliance with labelling laws.

WHILE LABELLING LAWS are not stringently enforced, the inspection of the contents of bottles, tubes and boxes is carried out faithfully. Before they came on the market, all the new Outdoor Girl products were submitted for testing by the Health Ministry's Standards Institution in Jerusalem. Most had been approved by the time of this writing. In contrast, a new Mary Quant preparation, called "More-Than-Moisturizer," is still being held up in storage in the ports because it has not received approval.

Mrs. Hannah Kurtz is coordinator of the cosmetics branch at the Ministry's Pharmaceutical department. She explained to me that when the Ministry issues a licence for a cosmetic product, it signifies that the product "is not harmful to health." It does not mean that the Ministry gives any endorsement to the advertising claims of the products — that it prevents wrinkles or makes the user look youthful or whatever. (This would be the function of a truth in advertising law, if Israel had one, which it doesn't yet.)

Even a product which is not generally harmful to health, Mrs. Kurt cautions, may produce an allergic reaction in some people. And there are a few products especially likely to trigger allergic sensitivity, and these are required to carry special warnings. Certain anti-perspirants and after-shave preparations fall into this category.

I was recently impressed with the prompt action of the Pharmaceutical department in dealing with two products I brought to Mrs. Kurtz's attention. Both were toothpastes flavoured for children. "Piccolo — Onel Laboratories" had no address and no Hebrew labelling. The Ministry traced it to a small Haifa manufacturer, whose licence for it had expired at the end of 1971. Some 500 tubes were ordered to be removed from the market, and the manufacturer must reapply for a licence if he wishes to resume production.

Similarly, a new children's toothpaste called "Clown" and made by Diva of Tel Aviv has been ordered off the market until it obtains a licence. The firm applied for one but did not wait for it before putting an "introductory" batch — some 26,000 tubes — into the shops. Many of them are still there, despite the recall order. There is, however, no reason to suspect any danger to children's health from the unlicensed "Clown" toothpaste, Mrs. Kurtz told me: its recipe looks acceptable, even though it still has to undergo laboratory tests.

THE PHARMACEUTICAL department of the Health Ministry is responsible for virtually all the things we commonly call "cosmetics" — creams and lotions, deodorants, toothpastes, shaving preparations, hair-care products and facial makeup of various sorts. Toilet soaps and perfumes, however, fall within the province of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, because of its traditional controls over alcohol and its by-products. To me, it would seem more logical to place soaps and scents, too, under the control of the Health Ministry.

All in all, there are some 4,000 cosmetics products under Health Ministry supervision, which covers imports as well as local manufactures. Nevertheless, Mrs. Kurtz points out that there are undoubtedly some cosmetics sold in Israel without proper inspection. These, she says, are either the goods of small under-the-table manufacturers, or foreign goods smuggled in by sailors.

If a consumer is dubious about the contents of any cosmetic product, he is invited to submit a sample or description of it to his nearest Health Ministry regional office.

Obviously, it would make the consumer's life easier if every approved cosmetic product carried some recognizable mark showing that it has passed Ministry inspection — something similar to the *tav teken* (standards label) issued by the Standards Institution to approved electrical appliances. Such an idea has been discussed in the Health Ministry, but so far has not been adopted.

Perhaps at the same time, there could be some distinguishing mark on cosmetic products to indicate whether they are made in Israel or imported. Or the labelling laws on the place of manufacture should be strictly enforced. Then those of us who want to support Israeli-made goods will know whose products we are buying.

Martha Meisels

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

Latke time

IN THE SHTETL of Eastern and Central Europe, it was not uncommon for Jewish families to keep a goose or two, along with chickens, ducks and perhaps a goat. At Hanukka, when the goose was at its prime, it was slaughtered to provide a festive holiday meal. The fat was rendered and carefully put away for Pessah, but a few bowls of fat were kept for frying the Hanukka *latkes*.

In our own day, we have almost completely forgotten the link between goose *schmaltz* and potato pancakes. Such pancakes would probably seem far too heavy and rich, even if we could afford the luxury of goose fat. With the present oil shortage, however, some of us may have no choice but to use the traditional shortening.

While potato pancakes are often eaten in Israel on Hanukka, they are not considered an essential part of the holiday. In the United States on the other hand, *latkes* are as much part of the "holiday season" as mistletoe.

TO PREPARE latkes, peel a kilo of potatoes, the bigger the better. The purists tell us to soak the peeled potatoes in cold water for an hour or two and, while this makes things a bit easier, it is not really necessary.

Grate the potatoes over a coarse grater and drain off the surplus liquid. Add a grated onion or two, two eggs, a level teaspoon of salt and pepper to taste. A few spoonfuls of matza meal or flour will help hold the pancakes together.

Heat oil (or goose fat if you yearn for the *shtetl*) in a large frying pan until it begins to smoke slightly. Slide spoonfuls of the mixture into the oil, each spoonful forming a pancake. When one side is brown, turn and brown on the other side.

In the U.S., these latkes are served on plates accompanied by apple sauce, but in Israel they are commonly eaten *au naturel*, held with a paper napkin.

IT OCCURS TO ME

Hadassah Bat-Haim

Serious matters

FOR SOME WEEKS THERE has been mounting anticipation in the household of one of the junior members of our family as the school term nears its end. Last year, the story of Hanukka enacted in the school yard was enough of a celebration. This year, I am given to understand, those childish games are to be left behind. Second-graders cannot go around in paper helmets, brandishing wooden swords. More significant demonstrations are planned, which put us all in a highly nervous state long before the event.

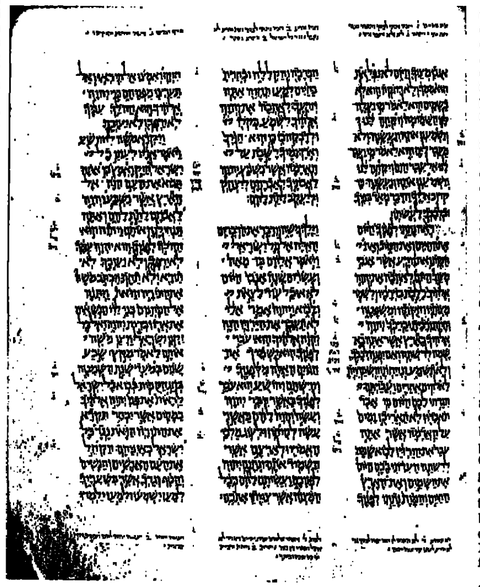
When the great day comes, we make our way in a body to the synagogue, dressed in our best, and suitably solemn. We meet other parents and grandparents and like appendages, many of whom I know to be dedicated freethinkers, if not downright atheists. Their views notwithstanding, they settle down meekly with their skull caps in place, gazing fondly at their infants splendid in their blue and white.

THE CHILDREN sing and chant about the grave responsibilities that now face them. Their acceptance of the Tora brings them into the world of sages and philosophers, they apprise us. People make speeches at them, welcoming them into the company of the wise, the compassionate and the judicial. They respond with modest enthusiasm, some of them lisping through the gaps in their teeth, some of them on tiptoe to see over the tops of benches designed for taller congregants.

We watch anxiously when it is the turn of Jonathan's class to mount the *bima*, in case he gets left behind. If, as is promised, the study of the Book sharpens the perceptions, the benefit not only to Jonathan but to all his associates will be enormous. If he can be trained by this means to wrench his mind from infinity and answer a simple question like where did he leave his boots, it will be a great comfort all round. Even to reduce the number of times he has to be instructed to get dressed — or undressed — from ten to eight would be something.

To our relief he has not gone off into a trance, but remembers his book, which he carries with as much care as if it were the original.

THE BEN-ZVI COLLECTION



David Krivine

THERE IS an ancient manuscript of the Bible, in Israeli ownership, which is at least as valuable as the Damascus Codex (or *Keter Damesek*) that was purchased recently at so great a cost from the Sassoon Collection. It is called the Aleppo Codex (*Keter Halebi*) and belongs to the Ben-Zvi Institute.

It belongs there because Yitzhak Ben-Zvi, the second President of Israel, located and secured it when its survival was in jeopardy, during anti-Jewish riots in Syria in 1947-48, following the UN's decision on the partition of Palestine. The document dates from the end of the 10th Century. The *masora* (the vowel and other notations) was inserted in it by one of the original Masoretes, Aharon Ben-Asher of Tiberias, in his own hand. It is the source text for all current Hebrew printings of the Old Testament. This invaluable relic is in this country today, concealed — no-one is supposed to know where.

It is not in the Ben-Zvi Institute and never will be, according to the director, Yehuda Ben-Porat — because the building does not contain the proper facilities for accommodating so rare and precious a document. A committee of custodians exists solely to take care of the Aleppo Codex. Scholars at the Hebrew University (which currently has watch and ward of it) are working on the codex as source material for a new, scientific edition of the Bible.

THE THREE PARCHMENTS of the codex are not the only valuable work in the Institute's possession. It owns 2,400 manuscripts, all related to the three subjects that are the Institute's concern: Eretz Yisrael, or Palestine; the Holy City of Jerusalem; and the history of the Sephardi and Oriental Jewish communities.

Board president Mordechai Ish-Shalom, former Mayor of Jerusalem, has sleepless nights over the perils facing this collection, because it is lodged in a wooden hut. The structure may not be changed or modified: the law forbids it.

The hut is the office and residence in Rehavia once occupied by President Ben-Zvi, and by his successor Zalman Shazar until a new official abode was built in Talbieh. The manuscripts are (excluding the codex) stored in a specially constructed air-conditioned strong-room; but that is not considered sufficient precaution against fire hazards.

Another difficulty is that the premises are overcrowded. The presidential reception chamber has been turned into a lecture-hall. All the other rooms have become libraries and offices. One room is used as an office by the former President's widow, Rachel Yannait Ben-Zvi, an erect and gracious lady who will be 90 in May.

As a solution to both problems — overcrowding, and the lack of fire-proof accommodation — the Institute has purchased a neighbouring building, still under construction, whose solid stone will offer a more secure haven for the books and documents.

The two vacated library rooms in the historic wooden building will be used as meeting places instead. At present the Institute — which has an elaborate programme of study days and seminars — is obliged to hire quarters in the nearby Beit Hahalutzot to supplement its single assembly-hall.

In face of these complicated arrangements, the question arises, what is the point of preserving Ben-Zvi's office untouched? It has no architectural merit. If the intention is nevertheless to keep it as a memorial, it ought to be left exactly as it was, with all the furnishings and trappings that existed in Ben- Zvi's day (as was done with Herzl's office in the Jewish Agency). Then visitors could pay for the privilege of gazing at how the presidential premises looked in those fast-receding times.

But the museum role is not being observed. The rows of chairs in the reception hall, and the desks and filing cabinets elsewhere, merely confuse. Anyhow, visitors are not admitted: the place is now in active use as a busy research institute. It would be sensible for the Knesset to repeal the ordinance "freezing" the site, and let the management reconstruct according to its needs.

THE NEW ANNEXE will cost IL3m. Half of this sum, or IL1.5m., was advanced as a long-term loan at low interest by Mifal Hapayis, the state lottery. The rest must be mobilized from donations by well-wishers, because the Government cannot provide more than it does already. Out of a IL2.8m yearly budget, the great majority (over 80 per cent) comes from the public purse. Participants in lecture courses supply an estimated IL80,000, the sale of published research another IL75,000, and smaller sums come from foreign foundations.

A committee of friends under the indefatigable Menashe Eliachar is seeking contributors. They should be shown the superb archives, revealing the ancient and continuous tradition of Hebrew scholarship in countries like Tunisia, Persia and the Yemen. There are *responsa* from rabbis in those communities, written by hand, preserved as a treasured record of the life and problems of Jewish society in those times.

There are original documents from the Spanish Inquisition. The Institute owns some of the first manuscript texts of the Zohar. Coming to more recent times, it boasts 16 volumes (again handwritten) of the 'Pakuam' in Amsterdam — the first ever all-European Joint Israel Appeal. The series covers the period 1820-1900, and constitutes irreplaceable source material for the history of the Jewish communities in Jerusalem, Hebron, Safad and Tiberias in those years.

YITZHAK BEN-ZVI wrote a paper in 1960 about the Aleppo Codex, which he called the Codex of Ben-Asher. It reveals that the tomes were probably written by Shlomo Ben-Boyaya (with the *masora* added by his contemporary, Aaron Ben-Asher), and it was presented in due course to the Karaite Synagogue in Jerusalem. After the sack of Jerusalem, the Seljuks carried it off as booty to Egypt, where it was ransomed by the Jewish community. Maimonides saw it as an authoritative text, and copied it by hand. Later, the original manuscript was brought to Aleppo, conceivably by one of Maimonides' descendants. There it came to be treated as an object of veneration.

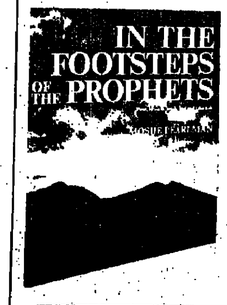
This is by far the greatest, but not the only very valuable manuscript in the Ben-Zvi collection. Says Ben-Porat: "We could solve our financial holdup by selling ten of our volumes." It is plain from his face that nothing on earth would induce him to do so. As it is written in the colophon at the end of the codex: "Blessed be he who keepeth it and cursed be he who stealeth it, and cursed be he who giveth it as a pledge. It shall not be sold or redeemed in all eternity."

It should, however, be shown to the general public. This is the flesh and bones of our history. It belongs to the nation; it cannot be hoarded secretively by scholars. It exists not only to be written about; it has also to be seen.

A shrine was built for the Dead Sea Scrolls. A second shrine should be erected in due course, centred perhaps on Yad Ben-Zvi, to hold the two other versions of Holy Writ — the Codex of Damascus and the Codex of Aleppo.

The three dry-looking parchments constitute three historical landmarks. Together with the rich abundance of accompanying documentation (to fill up the interstices), they embody the splendid historical continuity of the Jewish people.

JUST OUT! A NEW BOOK BY MOSHE PEARLMAN!



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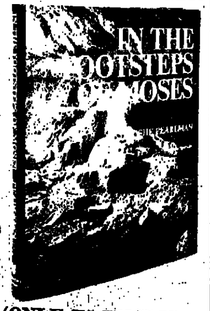

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Herzog's ennui

HUMBOLDT'S GIFT. By Saul Bellow. London, Secker and Warburg. 487 pp. £4.90.

Dan Vogel

ANY BOOK by a runner-up for the Nobel Prize is an event, but there's a distressing tiredness in this novel, despite the frenzy of activity and talk. The world has deteriorated since "Mr. Sammler's Planet" and "Herzog," it would seem. The gleams of hopefulness among the shards of the present are not so bright this time. The hero has not advanced one iota against his sea of troubles, his outrageous fortune, the decline of man.

One of the reasons for this atmosphere of *ennui* is that Saul Bellow has returned to the theme, technique, and even some of the characters that he presented in "Herzog" more than a decade ago. "Herzog," to me, is one of the few authentic masterpieces of American fiction in the 20th century, but to rehearse its excellence is to say that despair has taken firmer root in Bellow's mind, and "Humboldt's Gift" requires more strenuosity to read.

Constant, staccato action, hurtling along in a picaresque roller-coaster serves again as a gesture of the theme of Absurdity dominating our lives. Since there is no logic, no organic progress in our existence, why should art fulfil its ancient task of forming order out of disorder? Again an over-the-hill intellectual searches for meaning among the clutter of past ideas and philosophers, and finds only disappointment. Once more Bellow is chronicling the death of culture, for it is inadequate in a world ruled by clever operators. Notice the spurts of dialogue that go along on a high level of intellectualism, only to end in a colloquial or even obscene expression as the end-all.

THIS TIME, Moses Elkanah Herzog, professor of the History of Ideas, has the name of Charlie Citrine, successful playwright and popular purveyor of Ideas. Both are Jews, both Chicagoans, which seems to be more debilitating than being New Yorkers. Charlie, too, is down on his financial luck, being taken over the coals by a divorced wife, the judge, the lawyers for both sides. He, too, is contrasted to a practical older brother, Julius, who, like Shula Herzog, represents pragmatic sanity and love. (This time, I even wondered if Bellow was parodying the fable of the Three Pigs, wherein Practical Pig saves his brothers from the Big Bad Wolf.) Citrine even has a warm, European-type paramour, Renata, in character a twin to Herzog's Ramona.

Citrine once had a friend named Von Humboldt Fleisher, a prize-winning poet who died in terrible, mind-destroying poverty. He leaves Charlie a legacy — his miscellaneous papers, which includes a crazy screenplay they had collaborated on in younger, halcyon days. It is significant that Humboldt's gift represents the least of his powers as a word-artist, but it is comic, magnificently absurd, very true, and very popular. It turns out that somehow (never explained) a foreign movie company got hold of the script, produced it, and is making piles of money from it. Only by the personality of one Rinaldo Cantabile, also a Chicagoan, is Citrine pushed into demanding his share of the success.

THE EVENTS along this thin plot-line are often hilarious — as when Cantabile hijacks Charlie and a friend into a confrontation with an embezzler and the police become involved and a greater *balagan* is hard to conceive. But we don't really care what happens to Citrine in this book, for Bellow is plainly more interested in his ideas and in the characters that flow in and out of his life. Like Pierre Thaxter, international scholar and ideas-man without a cent to his name, Alex Szathmar, Charlie's lovable and absolutely inept lawyer; Waldemar Wald, Humboldt's uncle; and Menasha Klinger — old men remembering better days.

Saul Bellow: The hero has not advanced one iota against his sea of troubles.

The women in this novel seem to have the job of holding on to sanity and good sense — Renata, Kathleen, Humboldt's widow, and Hortense, Julius' wife, a "blunt, decent person" — which could be said of each of them.

Cantabile, however, is the most engaging figure in the book. Though his name is Italian, he talks like an aggressive, wise-guy *Yiddischer*. He's an original in his weird actions and dialogue, and only he has the insight to take the measure of the modern world, and he fears nothing. He will have no truck with ideas, of course, and even money is not the main attraction of his life. Power — not to rule with, but only to feel — is what excites him. Therefore, under his brash exterior beats a warm heart of gold. It would seem that Bellow has turned over heroism to him, for he will prevail, while Charlie Citrine will only endure, and in constant need of help even to do that.

IN "HERZOG," Bellow pictures a spiritual death, but also a clear hope for spiritual rebirth. In "Humboldt's Gift," the issue is more deeply in doubt. Moses Herzog, telling his story in reminiscence, has a respite in which to take stock and come to grips with himself. Poor Citrine, describing his ongoing incidents of tribulation and disillusionment, is so driven by the force of those who love him and those who dislike him that he can do no more than snatch moments in transient hotel rooms to think about something called anthroposophy. He does not call upon the memories of Jewish family, prayers, and ritual that helped Herzog. He opts for alien philosophies, and pushes the possibility of reviving the spirit further away.

It is the women and the old men who have the healthiest most indestructible minds. But the two aged men are awaiting death in a Coney Island nursing home.

However, let it not be thought that "Humboldt's Gift" should not be read. Bellow cannot write an uninteresting book. It has bright inventiveness of incident, terrible energy, incisive wit, and crackling dialogue. It's like an afternoon at — Coney Island, with its rides and cotton candy and freaks and old age homes, over all of which, you discover, hangs a threatening cloud that the sun's rays cannot make go away.

Arab affinities

SOCIETY AND POLITICAL STRUCTURE IN THE ARAB WORLD. Edited by Menahem Milson. N.Y., Humanities Press. 338 pp. $12.50.

Nissim Rejwan

IN ITS OWN WAY, each of the eight papers assembled between the covers of this book is a highly competent, thoughtful and useful piece of work. Originally presented in a series of colloquiums held in the Van Leer Foundation in Jerusalem during November, 1970 - June, 1971, the articles are still as valid as they were then.

In his opening paper on "Basic Factors Affecting Social Structure, Tension and Change in Modern Egyptian Society," Professor Gavriel Baer speaks of "the overwhelming preponderance of the centre in Egypt" as constituting the main fundamental difference between Egyptian and other Middle Eastern societies, in which far greater diffusiveness of power and social functions prevails.

The fact, he points out, is that this centralistic power structure has since 1952 been coupled with an authoritarian regime involving certain advantages, chief among them a stability of government which enabled the revolutionary regime to implement certain parts of its programme for social change. However, Prof. Baer's impression is that so far Egypt has succeeded in exploiting only a small fraction of these advantages — and that in fact it is extremely doubtful whether the centrality of power in that country has really been advantageous to social change.

THE PREPONDERANCE of the centre in Egypt is no doubt a result of the remarkably homogeneous nature of Egyptian society itself. This stands in sharp contrast to the situation in Syria, with which Prof. Moshe Ma'oz deals in a very substantial and workmanlike paper. However, as he shows, in the course of the last generation a strong governmental centre was nevertheless established, and has since succeeded in overcoming the marked centrifugal and autonomous tendencies among the various groups and sects and in gaining considerable authority over the population as a whole.

The chief merit of Dr. Uriel Dann's paper, "Regime and Opposition in Jordan Since 1949," is

that it establishes conclusively the virtually exclusive "Jordanian" identity of the regime. With the help of analytical tables and lists, Dr. Dann demonstrates that the state of Jordan — comprising the east and west banks of the Jordan River — is governed by east-bank people, and that people from the west bank "figure hardly at all" in the Establishment, and refugees, even in the wider sense, are totally absent.

From these findings it would appear that the "Palestinization" of the east bank, now seriously mentioned as a way of settling the "Palestinian problem," can be attained only at the expense of what seems to be a firmly established Jordanian "personality." Neither does it seem really surprising that King Hussein and his regime have so willingly acceded to the general Arab demand that Amman renounce her trusteeship over the west bank in favour of the Palestine Liberation Organization.

CERTAIN SOCIAL aspects of the emergence of the Palestinian-Arab national movement are ably examined in Dr. Yehoshua Porath's paper. His conclusions, too, are of considerable topical relevance today. Noting a clear distinction with regard to the class of leadership which developed after 1948 between those Palestinian Arabs who continued to live on their land and those who became refugees, he writes:

"On the West Bank — and to a lesser degree in Israel — leadership remained in the hands of the important families who had a tradition of leadership and the prestige of property, while among the refugees traditional prestige and vanished property ceased to have any influence over the composition of the leadership; their place was taken by modern education, readiness for political struggle, and the ability to organize and make sacrifices."

The remaining four papers deal either with specific aspects of certain Moslem-Arab societies in Africa or with topics that embrace more than one Arab society. In the former category we are offered Prof. Gavriel Warburg's "Popular Islam and Tribal Leadership in the Socio-Political Structure of North Sudan" and L. Carl Brown's "The Tunisian Path to Modernization"; the latter, Eliezer Be'eri's "Military Coups d'Etat in the Arab World During the Sixties" and Emanuel Marx's "The Organization of Nomadic Groups in the Middle East." This is unfortunate in that it gives the impression of haphazardness about the project as a whole, able and helpful though the individual papers are.

To have failed to include papers on such political communities as those of Lebanon, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen seem inexplicable in a volume dealing with North Sudan and modernization in Tunisia. Likewise, to take up a general subject such as Arab *coups d'etat* to the neglect of ideological-political and intellectual trends obviously detracts from the value of the work.

The Editor's plea, made almost in passing in his Preface, is that "limitations of time and space" prevented him from including additional studies on other countries. The point, however, is that the same amount of time and space could have produced a more balanced, more comprehensive collection of papers on "society and political structure in the Arab world."

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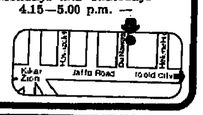

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IN THE FOREWORD to his autobiography, Edmund Hillary writes:

"... I discovered that even the mediocre can have adventures and even the fearful can achieve. In a sense, fear became a friend — I hated it at the time but it added spice to the challenge and satisfaction to the conquest. I envied those who in success clung to a measure of peace and tranquillity — I was always too restless and life was a constant battle against boredom..."

It is hard to imagine the conqueror of Everest as a mediocrity, or being at all fearful. Yet Sir Edmund describes himself as a simple, barely educated New Zealand farm-boy, seeking only an outlet for his tremendous physical energies — and an escape from the utter boredom of life in the Antipodes.

Hillary tackled his first real mountains in New Zealand, guided at first by nothing more than the "Alpine Journal." From being a puny farm-boy forced to walk barefoot to school in winter and bullied there by the bigger boys, he suddenly grew into a young giant who loved to throw his weight around in bone-crushing games of Rugby. In 1939 he was a pacifist who refused to volunteer, but later he was glad he was conscripted into the New Zealand Air Force. He became an accomplished navigator of a Catalina flying-boat doing patrol work in the Solomons — and spent his leaves sailing to remote atolls, slogging through their jungles and climbing their highest peaks. After the war ended, he returned to work on his father's bee farm. His only escape from this tedium was climbing mountains, at which he became increasingly adept.

Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing in Katmandu after they'd conquered Everest

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING WIN: An autobiography by Edmund Hillary. Hodder and Stoughton, London 319 pp. £4.50.

Meir Ronnen

HE GOT INTO John Hunt's Everest expedition almost by chance; he happened to have been vacation climbing in the Himalayas when a few vacancies were announced. But having become a world hero he was much sought after — and specially invited to command the support party in Vivian Fuchs' coast-to-coast survey crossing of Antarctica. The two men didn't get on; Hillary barely conceals his contempt for scientist Fuchs' lack of practical common sense. But having made his base for Fuchs, Hillary committed a "prank" that was not exactly sporting; unable to resist the temptation, he took his party to the Pole, not only an unplanned move but before Fuchs got there. To the press, it seemed a "race" with Hillary stealing Fuchs' thunder. Hillary was at least chastened by the critical reaction — but delighted with the adventure (his simple farm tractors kept falling into enormous ice faults). And he had pioneered Fuchs' route for him.

Another note on the Hillary drive: he left for Antarctica knowing he would not see his young wife and infant children for at least 16 months, possibly two years. The thought dismayed him but he obviously never considered turning down the offer. Yet he also seems a hearty family man and loves touring and climbing with his family, from the Himalayas to Yosemite Park. One family holiday was made in the Australian Outback during the flood season: Hillary and the kids had a marvellous time hauling their vehicles across flooded rivers hundreds of miles from anywhere without any radio contact.....

But Hillary matured too. He became a promoter in America and came to admire the nature of the sell; he learned that people different from him were honest and worthwhile; and that white is not the only human colour. With candid humour, he recalls his first racial shock when a team of Melanesian mission boys trounced his New Zealand squadron at cricket. He expressed his gratitude to the Sharpa people by going back to build them schools, bridges and a hospital. Altogether, his is the story of a farm boy who made the most of life. And he makes it readable.

The horse doctor

THE AUTHOR of "All Creatures Great and Small," the "happiest book" of 1974 according to the "New York Times," a bestseller in both England and the U.S., which was turned into an excellent British film, has written another long-awaited book, about his life as a veterinary surgeon in Yorkshire.

"In Harness" is his marriage to Helen, who smilingly endures his cold body snuggling in the middle of the night in bed when he returns from lambing (delivering lambs) in the frozen, windy dales of Yorkshire in early spring. She remains a rather idealized, nebulous, long-suffering figure throughout, his patients occupy the foreground.

His further adventures as a "horse" doctor in the farming communities of the North of England are exhilarating, but he wanders somewhat, and there are fewer belly laughs. Gone is Uncle Herriot, doctor daddy to a temperamental Pekinese with a silly mistress, and gone is the faithful old dog of an old man without a single other friend. Yet the reader is thankful that Herriot has a way with words as well as with animals.

VET IN HARNESS By James Herriot. Illustrated by Larry. Michael Joseph, London. 253 pp. £2.50. Available in the British Council Library.

Joan Hooper

In chapter after chapter he shows us his rich and colourful life, like a new father showing off his child, with wonder — and this after about 40 years of being a vet to stubborn, hard-working, hard-drinking owners of animals of all sizes and varieties, from bulls to budgies. Mr. Farirdge, whose beloved dog has an embarrassing ailment; gallant Sister Rose who helps strays; Moses, the kitten who survived, even though Granville Bennett, brilliant small-animal surgeon, leads Herriot astray with drink — some of these episodes are very foreign, indeed, to Israel, where pets have not yet become a way of life, but Herriot's response to his patients, his deep involvement with life and with the beauty which surrounds him daily on the Yorkshire moors and dales can certainly be appreciated by all who find excitement in unspoiled nature. He finds "magical fulfilment" in his profession, and "greatest good fortune not only to be fascinated by animals but to know about them." He can identify his patients easily and gets "quite a kick out of recalling their ailments and mulling over their characteristics."

"Vet in Harness" ends as he goes off to the RAF for the duration of the war (WW II); leaving a pregnant Helen with a vow to return and never to leave her again. He may write yet another vet book. I hope so.

English friend

Cartoon of Mark Sykes, first published in "Vanity Fair" in 1912.

MARK SYKES: PORTRAIT OF AN AMATEUR by Roger Adelson. Jonathan Cape, London. 356 pp. £7.50.

Philip Gillon

NOW THAT ZIONISM has become once more a major subject of international debate, the thoughts of many Jews must be turning to that group of great non-Jews who fought the good fight for us when the century was young. Balfour, Smuts, Wedgwood, Lloyd George and Allenby understood what Zionism meant for the world, although assimilationist Jews like Edwin Montagu fought it with every means at their disposal. Among the gentiles who saw the Zionist light one of the most prominent was Mark Sykes, the midwife of the Balfour Declaration, and who came exultantly out of the War Cabinet, when the great decision was taken, to tell Dr. Chaim Weizmann, waiting anxiously outside the door, "Dr. Weizmann, it's a boy!"

In his biography, Roger Adelson quotes an interview Sykes gave to the "Observer" in mid-December, 1917. The reporter noted: "One of the impressions I brought away... from an interview with Lieut.-Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, now a world-famous authority on all Eastern questions, was of Jerusalem as a new Light of the World, shining out upon all men and all nations, and bidding them, when the war is over and peace once more restored, take up their lives again with hope reawakened and faith renewed."

Sykes envisaged Christianity, Judaism and Islam all drawing new inspiration from the Holy City.

It didn't turn out quite as he had hoped, more's the pity, but the fault certainly was not that of the Jews. Sykes died in 1919, so he did not live to see the efforts to put out the light he had helped to kindle, efforts which, fortunately for mankind, have proved unsuccessful, but are still continuing.

WHAT MAKES a man like Mark Sykes a Zionist? By and large, Jews, irrespective of what the old assimilationist right and the assimilationist new left may have argued and may still argue, have little choice in the matter. Birth makes us all need Zion. But why should the owner of an enormous fortune, heir to a great name and with boundless political horizons open to him, become entangled in our cause.

ADELSON's excellent biography makes it clear that Sykes was bound to end by being either fervently pro-Arab or fervently pro-Zionist; he was not one of nature's neutrals, seeking grey solutions to problems. A man of immense talents and accomplishments, he was essentially a romantic. In fact, it may be said that romanticism was in his blood: his mother, Lady Jessica Sykes, was notorious for her enthusiasms, her alcoholism, and her love affairs. It was she who fell in love with Roman Catholicism, and was responsible for her son's conversion.

Her vices, and those of his father, Tatton, who seems to have been a mixture of Scrooge and Bill Sikes resulted in the boy's having a very unhappy adolescence. A notorious lawsuit between his parents provided the climax. But this ghastly parental relationship brought him one bonus: he was never left at school for long, never allowed to become a conventional English aristocrat. Instead, he was constantly taken abroad, and probably learned more during each trip outside England than most boys of his age learned in ten years in preparatory and public school.

Adelson describes Sykes as an "amateur," and the term, which has now become rather despised because of its association with the preposterous campaigns of snobbish sports administrators to deny men the right to earn a living from their talents, is apt, if understood in its original sense. An amateur is somebody who cultivates something with passion and dedication, out of love and not for profit. Sykes hurled himself at life with an intensity that is rare and rather frightening. There were few skills he wanted that he did not manage to acquire. War, the Middle East, politics — he pursued knowledge of his favourite themes like a man-eating shark after a bleeding victim. He always had the courage of his principles — and his prejudices.

It is hardly surprising that during World War I he was recognized as England's foremost authority on the Middle East, and was entrusted with negotiating the Anglo-French agreement which came to be known as the Sykes-Picot Treaty. One of his obsessions was his distrust of the French. Few of us will blame him for that.

Altogether, this is a most rewarding book, not only for those interested in knowing what Zionism is all about, but also for those who appreciate England's capacity for producing original men who are in all respects unique.

Ms. women's editor

FORGETTING'S NO EXCUSE by Mary Stott, Faber and Faber, London, 194 pp. £2.95, available in the British Council Library.

Aviva Even-Paz

SENSITIVE, conscientious, loyal, fair, idealistic — are these the adjectives usually applied to journalists? Hardly. Most people think of journalism as a kind of jungle, with the inhabitants clawing their way to success and willing to stoop to practically anything to get a scoop.

Mrs. Stott's memoirs don't support this view. At the ripe age of 19 she reluctantly took over the Woman's Page of the "Leicester Mail." At first she wanted to be a hard news reporter, and, above all, to rise to the glory of the chief sub-editor.

Later the realised that her department suited her very well. She would not have relished grilling people for information they did not want to give. So, in spite of occasional disasters (she once specified *two table-spoonfuls* of ginger for a cake), she did very well. She also managed to marry, have a baby and breast-feed it on the way up to becoming the editor of the "Mainly for Women" page in the "Manchester Guardian" as it was then called. She managed to turn this into a sort of club, where there were many amateur contributors, thus enhancing the freshness, sincerity and variety of its contents.

She has this to say about the future of the modern newspaper: "The mass circulation newspaper has had its heyday. The mass communicator of the future is television... ask a million people; 'Which would you rather give up, your newspaper or your television set?' and you would get 999,999 replies, 'The newspaper of course'." Will that be the case in Israel, one wonders?

In a moving last chapter Mrs. Stott spells out the pattern of becoming a widow which is depressing, surprising and encouraging at the same time. I warmly recommend this book for its honesty, humanity and wisdom.

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Father of abstraction

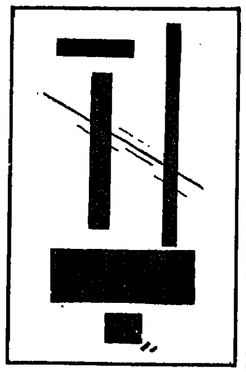
Kasimir Malevich at the Israel Museum

Meir Ronnen

THE ISRAEL MUSEUM never runs down, but at the moment it is particularly well wound up, brimming with very varied shows. The major one, which opened this week, is the first exhibition anywhere of the complete graphic works of one of the most influential pioneers of modern art, Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935). It also marks several fine firsts for the Museum; this is the first time one of its own shows will proceed to prestigious museums abroad, beginning with the Stedelijk in Amsterdam and thence to the Musee d'Art Moderne in Paris and Munich's Pinakotek. The show will be accompanied by the Museum's first *catalogue raisonné* and which is, of course, the first ever of the Malevich graphics, with all the reproductions life-size, sometimes alongside parallel paintings. All this marks the Israel Museum's entrance into the world of scholarship — thanks to an outsider, historian-collector Donald Karshan, who assembled the collection and wrote the catalogue (which will be available, in English, only late next month). Karshan, a former director of the New York City Museum, is now resident in Paris.

Malevich spent nearly his whole life in Russia, dying there in poverty, hounded out of his teaching posts, unmourned by a regime that had begun, after the rise of Stalin, to devote itself to "social realism." He was like a comet: he traversed the entire cosmos of modern art in little more than a decade, travelling to its outer limits. No abstract artist has proceeded further than his black square on a white ground (1913) or his white square on a white ground (1919). He had begun as a post-impressionist, became a primitivist, soared into fauvism, joined the Moscow "Jack of Diamonds" group in 1911 and brought it cubism after a trip to Paris in 1912.

The following year Malevich began his war against the figure and the object, which culminated with the publication in Germany in 1927 of his collection of essays and manifestos Die gegenstandslose Welt ("The World Without Objects"). In 1915 he founded "Suprematism" with his Moscow Manifesto entitled from "Cubism and Futurism to Suprematism," in a "desperate attempt to liberate art from the useless burden of the object," Malevich wanted the purity of the desert, "where nothing was authentic except sensibility." His pictures were



Kasimir Malevich: Suprematist lithograph, 1920 (Israel Museum).

"not empty, but sensitivity in the absence of the object." Purity was supreme. Fortunately, he was blessed with a sensibility-sensitivity that enabled him to place a series of rectangles with a rectangular frame in an almost Zen-like manner that still causes contemporary hard-edge artists to shake their heads in admiration. He was a superb colourist and his works always remained painterly, even a flat, near-white ground being treated with great, often luminous care.

The 69 tiny graphics, mainly lithographs, evidence his sensitivity, and his almost uncannily infallible sense of composition. Though of course they come nowhere near the glory of the oils. They do trace his development from early Parisian cubism to Futurism and Suprematism. Some of them have never been exhibited anywhere before; and assembling the extremely rare entire oeuvre, including hand-pulled illustrations for books and pamphlets, is an extraordinary achievement. Some of the early works and even the later cubist figures show the marked influence of Leger. But Malevich's suprematist work had a major, seminal effect on all modern painting and design; his is an influence that rather precedes and rises above that of Kandinsky and Mondrian. His chief prophet was El Lissitzky, whose work had a decisive effect in America.

Odd indeed that despite all this, much of Malevich' work has remained underground, over half of it in Russian Museums. Another sixty works were left with a friend and eventually purchased by Willi Sandberg for the Stedilik Museum (Sandberg has written an introduction to the Karshan catalogue). When after the death of Lenin the Soviets began to suppress abstraction, Malevich lost what was left of his standing in Russia. All the works painted shortly before his death are sad, realistic portraits.

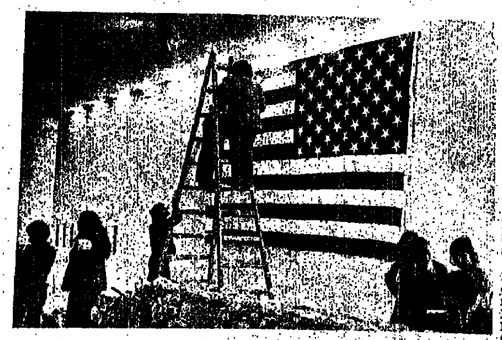
Malevich could have followed Kandinsky, Lissitsky and Chagall into the West (in 1919 he replaced Chagall at the school in Vitebsk). In 1927 he was allowed to take a show of his paintings to Warsaw and Berlin and to leave his manuscripts with Gropius and Moholy-Nagy at the Bauhaus, which published the book. (He was a major influence on Moholy-Nagy and others). But he chose to return to Russia and his family. Perhaps he felt, like Duchamp, that he had taken things as far as they could go. Perhaps he still believed that the Revolution still had a place for him; in the early years it had given him a state exhibition and professorships in Vitebsk and Leningrad. But on his return he was arrested as a spy; and arrested a second time in 1930, after working on surprisingly advanced architectonic models. Embittered, he fell victim to cancer. When he lay dying, he asked to be buried with his arms outstretched in the form of a cross, one of the symbol-forms that appears in many of his works. For like the Zen Masters Malevich was also something of a mystic, and that is why his work never degenerated into cold, hard-edge calculation.

New think

VERY MUCH in the spirit of Malevich but certainly not in his tradition is an open "workshop" of young Israeli conceptual artists currently being held in the Billy Rose Pavilion of the Museum. Some of the works are in a process of constant change and many of the artists are present throughout the day, if only to make themselves available to visitors for questioning: the whole effort is a somewhat belated but no less necessary public relations attempt to make a case for a new political art language that has nothing to do with the traditional ones of painting and sculpture. Once the visitor grasps this distinction he should have no difficulty in at least understanding the explanations of this varied group of serious and intelligent young men and women, most of whom seem to be using their heads in a manner much superior to the small but vociferous group of second-rate traditionalists who have been mounting all manner of attacks on the Museum's curators for the last six months.

All of this show is concerned with the questions of identity and isolation, mostly in a political context, with pointed references to the plight of Israel among the nations and among the Moslems, and its cultural isolation; or the plight of Arab day labourers and refugees. Other works deal with the metamorphoses of farm produce and building materials into cultural and political symbols of a non-aesthetic nature. Others question the nature of art labels and even of the museum. Some are dramatic in themselves, like an outsize all-dominant American flag; or a complete wall built by two Arab masons in their dry *debbish* (broken stone) manner; or a labourer's simple bed; or a complete ashkenazic... or sephardic... meal. Participating are Gideon Gechtman, Micha Ullman, Esther Schwartzman (who is building a refugee hut from clay), Dov Heller, Pinhas Cohen-Gan, Serge Spitzer (one of the moving spirits), Moti Mizrahi, Moshe Gershuni, David Ginton, Rafi Lavie, Michal Neeman and "Gaby and Sharon." The artists have paid for the show themselves.

Also worth seeing are two shows of 19th and 20th century painting that contain a number of real masterpieces recently acquired by or loaned to the Museum. In the Palevsky Design Pavilion is a show of Israeli carpets, tapestries and weavings, as well as some international reactions to the recent "recycling" show, sent in by international conceptualists. We hope to find space for all these next week.



Open Workshop: young Israel conceptual artists at work in the Billy Rose pavilion of the Israel Museum. Outsize American flag suggests overwhelming U.S. presence in M.E.; stone wall is symbolic of characteristic Arab construction. Artists are present to chat with visitors.

Yosl Bergner: from graters to Kafka

Gil Goldfine

YOSL BERGNER'S large retrospective of more than 80 major canvases from 1955 to 1975 (Tel Aviv Museum, Helena Rubinstein Pavilion) presents him as an accomplished storyteller, a portrayer of historical and social events. By inventing a pocketful of personal images and varying their basic makeup and venue, he has stayed pretty much on the surface of life and rarely delves into its absurdities, or undercurrents. The show also clearly trumpets the fact that for 20 years Bergner has steadily relied on only three subjects: the animation and para-humanization of inanimate household utensils (especially the potato grater); almond eyed, linear-nosed families characterized by severe Gothic stature and acute melancholia; and, as backdrops to his illustrations, a continual reference to an ominous windblown landscape or an eclectic architectural facade.

I find it difficult to enjoy works of art that attempt to illicit sympathetic responses by resorting to mellifluous subjects, melodramatic episodes and pronounced atmospheric devices. This kind of expression, of which so many of Bergner's canvases can be included, quickly become cliché, trite or theatrical. The fact that his iconographic foundation is rigid and repetitious places even greater emotional demands on the spectator. Almost as if one were being banged over the head into a sort of "aesthetic" submission.

After painting Boschian images of masked children at play (mid '50's) which incorporate ladders and kites, symbolic of redemption and freedom, Bergner began to concentrate his efforts on pots, coffee grinders and other kitchen utensils, plying them into softly moulded objects on canvas. These early transitional works are linear and stately symbolic, having been imbued with a character of their own. And Bergner's sombre palette of greys, umbers, browns and black support the moribund simplicity of the stoical still lifes.

Statuesque and unflinching, Bergner's people are depicted as a repertoire company of actors. Reappearing from time to time in different costumes, performing an alternate script and assigned varied props, their attitudes and facial expressions, nevetholess, are always the same. Staring directly into the gallery space, they look for a sympathetic audience, but Bergner does little with them in terms of pictorial scenario and compositional change to allow for any definitive response.

In the late 'sixties and early 'seventies Bergner's paintings become more painterly, exuberant and spirited, despite a continued duplication of his perennial subjects. However, by proportional changes of object to field and monumental contrasts, these larger canvases make more sense, as

Yosl Bergner: Kafka painting (Helena Rubinstein Pavilion).

plastic statements of literal messages. No. 42, "The View from the Top" is surprising replica of his 1971 canvas "Golgotha"), serves as an example, in which a trilogy of graters is being bizarrely crucified on a barren stormy hill, the central one fancifully wrapped in a flowing loin cloth. The entire scene is caustically painted, akin to an impassioned El Greco.

A group of 14 recent paintings (from 1975) dedicated to Franz Kafka are decidedly different in content and technique from his standard fare. They are straightforward illustration but unimaginatively produced in a lanky linear style spotted with thinly washed tints of vacuous colour. Active brush strokes swirl and flow without apparent reason other than technique as these paintings are reduced to drawing exercises. Unfortunately, they possess little of the mystery, sensitivity or romantic originality that characterize the works of the great author for which they were created.

New realism

KARL HEIDELBACH seems to fit neatly into the current realist revival and the more recent photorealist trend. However, he doesn't adhere to the strict tenets of naturalist painting, one of which is that the "therness" and "factuality" of a subject is right matter and must be rendered faultlessly *in situ*. But, Heidelbach conspicuously employs romantic, poetic or even surrealistic devices to salt and mystify the pictorial mixture. By resorting to this kind of feature, content is not reduced to pure objectivity but is empowered with qualities somewhat alien to its original manifestation. Nudes, still lifes and landscapes, therefore, project a similar illumination. Plush tones, porcelain or a bland wall are not *trompe-l'oeil* subjects but painted volumes. The quality of Heidelbach's painting is mixed. Although he controls design and composition his drawing is not always exceptional, especially anatomical description, and painted surfaces aren't necessarily true to the source of the material texture. Heidelbach was born in Germany (1923), and this show is from Gallery Bargera of Cologne and well worth a visit (Givon Fine Art, 36 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

Heidelbach: oil painting (Givon Fine Arts, Tel Aviv).

POP / Ben Elkan

Sinatra's back!

THROUGHOUT his long and tumultuous career, Sinatra's marriages and divorces, his political views, his brawls and an unpleasant string of incidents with newspapermen have all ensured him continual publicity but lost him many supporters. No one, however, can deny that he has struggled manfully all his life, getting to the top, falling and picking himself up again to consolidate his position as one of the greatest male vocalists of all time.

The story of Sinatra's rise to fame is, like his image, all-American. He made his decision to become a singer when, at the age of 21, unable to read music and never having sung professionally, he saw Bing Crosby making a personal appearance in New Jersey. He began singing with various local bands and in 1939 celebrated a raise to $25 a week, by marrying Nancy Barbato. Five years later he was earning $25,000 a week.

Thanks to his boyish good looks, his popularity grew, and "Mr. Swoon" fast became the idol of the bobby-soxers. But fads don't last for ever and as the bobby-soxers grew older and another generation of screaming teenagers started flocking to concerts and buying records, new singers such as Perry Como and Dean Martin were beginning to emerge. Sinatra's throat started haemorrhaging and eventually the burden of singing as many as 100 songs a day proved too much for him. In 1950 during a show at New York's Copacabana Club, his voice gave out and he was forced to cancel the engagement. His career had reached an all-time low; his record sales fell and his film studio, M.G.M., dropped him. Sinatra's career was boosted again when, in 1953, his supporting role in James Jones' film "From Here to Eternity" won him an Academy Award. A host of successful motion pictures followed, among them "Guys and Dolls" (1955) and "Pal Joey" (1957). At the same time he developed a more easygoing, mature style which appealed to a wider audience and he revived his nightclub and concert career, all of which kept him in the pop charts for a decade and more.

In April, 1971, he announced that he was going to retire in order to devote himself to "reflection, reading and self-examination." But two years out of the entertainment world and away from the limelight was as much as he could take; in 1973, "at the bidding of friends and family," he ended his self-imposed exile from show business.

IRONICALLY, SINATRA'S initial popularity had nothing to do with his considerable musical skill, but was entirely a matter of charisma. He has spent almost his whole professional career fashioning and continually improving his unique singing method. In the mid-1930s, when he started, everyone was trying to imitate Bing Crosby's unique voice. But, says Frank, "it occurred to me that maybe the world didn't need another Crosby." He chose instead the *bel canto* Italian school of singing, a smooth, flowing style requiring great technical expertise.

He was fascinated by the idea of a continuous, uninterrupted melody, and listened for hours to Jascha Heifetz' violin-playing and

Tommy Dorsey's trombone, until he eventually asked himself, "Why couldn't a singer do that too?"

He began to swim underwater so as to develop his breathing and finally perfected a long, unbroken style. What became the Sinatra trademark depended upon inhaling in the middle of a note so that his breathing became unnoticeable.

IT WAS IN 1962 that Sinatra first visited Israel, in the cause of a world tour to raise money for children's charities. He gave seven concerts here, the proceeds going to the Frank Sinatra Brotherhood and Friendship Centre in Nazareth. As a result of his efforts for Israel, he and his films and recordings were banned from all Arab countries.

In 1965 he returned to appear in the film "Cast a Giant Shadow," characteristically donating his fee to a local charity. The following year, along with Marlene Dietrich, Peter Sellers, Danny Kaye and David Niven, he gave his services to promoting tourism to Israel. A few months ago, at a rally in Las Vegas, he pledged to buy $250,000 worth of Israel Bonds.

If his relations with Israel exemplify the philanthropic side of Sinatra's character, his relations with the Press and public reveal a far less attractive side. Nobody would blame him for wanting some privacy; but outside his California home is a sign reading, "If you haven't been invited, you better have a damn good reason for ringing this bell!"

The same lack of courtesy has led to his 30-year feud with the Press. During an Australian tour last year, his references to local journalists as pimps, bums, parasites, broads and hookers resulted in his being temporarily boycotted by the Labour Unions. Earlier this year, he won an action against the BBC for suggesting that he had Mafia connections, and that this was how he got his part in "From Here to Eternity."

Objectionable though they may be, Sinatra's vagaries are inseparable from his art, and without them we would have lost what Arnold Shaw described as "that constant counterpoint of toughness and tenderness."

In 1972, he was given the Israeli Medallion of Honour by Baron Edmond de Rothschild for "unprecedented humanitarian efforts on behalf of his fellow men." In accepting it Sinatra said he was "pleased to be honoured by a nation of people who yearn for peace with dignity."

He himself has certainly fought hard for personal peace with dignity.

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

Who's the boss

THE APPOINTMENT of Luciano Berio as musical adviser to the Israel Chamber Ensemble was conceived as the panacea that would cure all the orchestra's ills after Gary Bertini left. The recent appointment of Yuval Zaliouk to advise the ailing Haifa Symphony Orchestra and the rumour that Lukas Foss will continue with the Jerusalem Symphony next season as musical adviser (though not as chief conductor) raises the question of what all this business of "advising" an orchestra is about.

In feudal Europe, orchestras belonged to royal or ducal personages and the man who paid his musicians (like other servants) gave orders about his wishes, his likes and dislikes, but in general did not interfere with the musical side of things. With the rise of the middle classes, the popularization of musical entertainment and the change of ownership of orchestras to municipalities and other public bodies, the conductor became the all-round boss! He chose the musicians and soloists, invited the guest conductors, and decided upon the programmes. The artistic direction of the orchestra was his responsibility. As a rule, if the match was successful the arrangement lasted for several decades. Guest conducting was in its infancy, and most conductors were glad to have a permanent, secure position.

In our time the number of orchestras in the world has risen to astronomical proportions and the tendency is to offer the public a variety of guest conductors during the season. For the conductor, the pull of the big, wide world has become increasingly irresistible. Today, a chief conductor who spends three months with his orchestra during an entire season is the exception rather than the rule.

Who, then, runs an orchestra?

THE PRACTICE of appointing a special musical adviser, someone with a big name in the professional world, has grown up as a means of acquiring prestige rather than for practical reasons. His influence on the seasonal programmes is fairly limited as every guest conductor and soloist suggests his own favourite works and will hardly ever agree to

Musical adviser Luciano Berio.

study a new work for one particular performance or series of performances.

In the absence of a chief conductor who stays with the orchestra for the greater part of the season, the power of decision moves to the music director. His is really an administrative post, but, under the circumstances, he acquires executive, musical authority. The influence of a musical director on an orchestra's standards and professional development can be disastrous.

Here in Israel, with one system of democratization, there is another hazard. The orchestra committee very often has a say in matters musical which is not based on artistic considerations.

Rarely does a match between an orchestra and a musical adviser work out as happily as in the case of the Israel Philharmonic. Zubin Mehta spends a full month with the IPO three times a year, and keeps in touch with it the whole time since he retains the right to have the last word in all musical decisions.

WE CERTAINLY welcome the distinguished Luciano Berio in our midst and wish him every success. His reputation demands, and the importance of the Israel Chamber Orchestra deserves, that the new relationship should be a satisfactory one all round. But this does not settle the main, and all important, point: the question of a permanent chief conductor — not a man who comes for the glamour of it a few times a year, but someone who works with the ensemble orchestra all the time, every day, at every rehearsal, who knows his musicians, their strengths and their weaknesses, and moulds them into a closely-knit, homogeneous group of instrumentalists.

The "Chief" must, of course, be a good orchestra conductor; but first and foremost, he must be an outstanding educator, trainer and planner. Special rehearsals; the choice of particular works for training purposes; the promotion of chamber music groups within the orchestra; continuous control over the players' technical progress (how many musicians take their parts home to practise?); keeping them alert and interested in their jobs as music makers but also developing a human relationship with them — this is rather a tall order, to be sure, but there is no other way of making an orchestra a good one and keeping it so.

The job of chief conductor demands an excellent musician with the characteristics of a teacher and father, but it needs him *all the time*. An orchestra committee which meddles in artistic matters, an administrative director who takes musical decisions on his own, is no substitute. And — return to our friend Luciano Berio — interesting and stimulating programmes alone are no answer to the problems of the Israel Chamber Ensemble (or, indeed, any other orchestral group in this country).

The system of guest conductors may be good box office, but it is definitely bad for an ensemble's technical progress. The musical efficiency and effectiveness of a performing body depends on the power and devotion of one man, and one man only: the permanent chief conductor.

TELEVISION / Philip Gillon

Secret trails

THE MOST interesting news feature we have seen for weeks was tucked away, almost surreptitiously, in Tuesday's Youth Magazine. I hope that all adult licence-holders as well as their adolescent young, were watching at the time, both because the magazine is always good, and because I would like them to get value for the vast amount extracted from them in licence fees. The emphasis on two instalments in the Broadcasting Authority's advertising, by the way, is a curious reflection of the authorities bowing to the average Israeli's precarious habit of post-dated cheques and sneaked credit, in defiance of the Government's official financial policy.

Going back to that remarkable programme, it was devoted to revelations of secret negotiations conducted with Jordan's Abdullah during the War of Liberation. Admirably handled by Dan Pattir, the programme brought us Walter Eytan and Yigael Yadin to describe their meetings with the King before the official armistice talks began in Rhodes. Speaking for myself, I had not known about these dealings—the fault I'm sure, is mine — and I was most impressed by the disclosures of Abdullah's sagacity, as compared with his grandson's lack of it in 1967.

The King told Eytan and Yadin that he did not believe in the war against the Jews, not because he loved the Jews, but because he doubted the Arabs' ability to win the war. And he cheerfully agreed to certain lands going to Israel, provided the village itself, to which the lands belonged, would go to the area he was later to annex, so that on the map it would appear that he had got the village.

The Israelis said with sighs that it was much easier to deal with the King than with his negotiating team at Rhodes.

The same magazine picked up another unusual item: the visit of Selma Lagerlof's niece and nephew to Jerusalem for the naming of a flight of steps after her, with comments by Horatio Vester of the American Colony Hotel on the Swedish and American colonists who settled here when the world was young. As usual, he was informative, detached and authoritative. The nephew, with memories of his famous aunt when he was two years old, was also very pleasant and witty.

Finally, we had a tribute to Lahakat Hanahal, one of the most popular of the army entertainment troupes that is now to be disbanded. Altogether, a very impressive magazine indeed.

THE HERO of "Treasure Hunt," Yossi Patrik, was far too good for the programme's needs. He sailed through the search at high speed, compelling even the most zealous of us getting-our-money's-worth-for-those-exorbitant-licence-fees-fanatics to get to bed more than 20 minutes earlier than expected. In fact, he was so knowledgeable that half the time I felt that he could have gone straight to the treasure without wandering to Constantinople, Beit Alpha, Australia and Gaza, *en route* to Nirim. It was only his impeccable manners that made him cooperate in searching the byways.

Indeed, at one point, "Zachi" Shimoni obviously realized this, and apologized for his insistence on clearing up details: he explained that the major target of the programme is not to enrich the seeker, but to educate the public about things that happened in our history, both ancient and modern. Yossi might well have objected to Zachi's wasting his money and time on this admirable objective, but did not do so, and took us wherever Zachi thought we would find further enlightenment.

Yossi's only mistake was making Melbourne, instead of Canberra, the capital of Australia: although the correct city emerged later, nobody mentioned that the previous name given was wrong. I mention this point mainly to show how clever, well-informed and on the ball I am, but also because, since the programme aims at educating the ignorant, it would be a great pity if they emerged with erroneous information.

A Hanukka special, "On the Grass of Kibbutz Kfar Hamaccabi," will be screened on Monday at 9.30.

NIKUI ROSH slipped on its guava last week: after all the compliments I lavished on it, in defiance of many readers who wrote to me objecting to the caricatures of Zevulun Hammer and Menahem Begin, the boys and girls slid back into all their old faults. Skits were far too long, and jokes were dragged out: at times, the over-enthusiasm of the participants gave the show a rather amateur air, as if it were being produced by enthusiastic but untalented undergraduates.

The UN's decision that Zionism is a guava is so obvious an extension of Abba Eban's crack that the Assembly would decide that the world is flat if instructed to do so by the Arabs, that the idea did not merit the inordinate amount of time accorded to its development. I liked the Knesset mission to the United States but, again, this took too long. Ah, well, you can't win them all.

"THAT'S MY SECRET" gets better and better, with Nathan Dunevich almost uncanny in his rapid analyses of the evidence, and Bella Almog producing some fine intuitive guesses.

This week Nathan struck Uri Zohar speechless — no mean feat — when he guessed in two that the woman he could not see was Yaffa Yarkoni, chosen because she sang the original song, "That's My Secret." I must confess that I did not understand his explanation of how he did it; Uri should inspect those blindfolds — maybe Nathan has got a trick mirror in his. He is a journalist, and you know what they're like — capable of anything to get a scoop.

Bella's guess of the mine-disposal expert, Avi, came a fraction of a second late, although she was all set to argue the point with Uri. As there are no prizes, it seems academic whether she was in time or not. Avi, seen at work, was very impressive.

So was Yaffa Yarkoni. Not only can age not wither her, she seems to bloom in it: she is far better-looking now than she was in those old posters and pin-up photographs we were shown. How she does it — whether she uses monkey glands or some other patent — is her real secret.

I WAS GLAD to welcome back old Steve and old Danno and old Chin and the rest of the gang, although I still insist that Kojak is better. Petrocelli is an attractive addition to our entertainment.

It is good to see that Israel TV is getting its order of events right, with thrillers early and education late. This way, even if we fall into hypnotic trances, no great harm is done. Some nodding in the course of the long day's journey into night is inevitable: better we should miss a debate than a murder. After all, most Israeli savants, like trains, move along predictable lines, and we can fill in any gaps caused by our snatching a quick sleep from our prior knowledge of the debater's point of view.

RADIO / Marsha Pomerantz

Arguable points

THOSE WHO HAD a hunch that where Zionism had come from and where it was going was more than a matter of changing street signs were glad to hear the English-language broadcast of the Herzog-Toynbee debate, on the First Programme, Monday from 10.05 p.m. to midnight. A brief Hebrew introduction preceded the recording of the January, 1961, encounter between Israel's then-ambassador to Canada and the British historian. The moral questions involved in the return to a historic homeland are continually disputed not only with Israel's neighbours, the introduction noted, but also among Israelis themselves. In that case, a Hebrew translation of at least selected parts of the debate would have been in order.

Looking for "perspective," I recorded the broadcast and switched in the middle to the 11.00 news on the Second Programme. I now have the following headlines spliced between discussion about a Statute of Limitations on the resettlement of a homeland and the proper interpretation of the Balfour Declaration: funeral of seventh victim of the Zion Square blast of two weeks ago; three "minority" citizens arrested in Haifa for allegedly attacking a Haga guard; UN Secretary-General Waldheim to meet Jordan's King Hussein in Europe; Knesset Works Committee advises reduced prices on Kiryat Shmona apartments to allow for the expense of building security rooms. Lest we think the Middle East has a monopoly on conflict, there was also an item on the Riker's Island prison uprising.

JERUSALEM'S Prof. Yeshayahu Leibowitz, who always finds something discomfiting to say, devoted his weekly 20-minute broadcast on the First Programme, Monday at 8.30 p.m., to a discussion of Hanukka. In the slow, deliberate style of a spinner of yarns who has a knot in store, he said that Hanukka is one of the two holidays which have their source in post-biblical events (the other is Purim). Yet it is accorded fuller observance in prayer and ceremony than many holidays of biblical origin. Hanukka is the only holiday marking war and victory; the conquest of Canaan by Yehoshua Bin-Nun or of Jerusalem in the days of King David have no specific commemoration.

Conclusion? Hanukka is significant not for its military but for its moral victory. It has nothing to do with the "new" idea of national rebirth, but deals with perpetuating observance of the Tora. The War of the Hasmoneans was not a fight against an outside force, but against Jews who served strange gods; true bravery is that of the individual against his own will — at times even his will to live. All this had applications today, he said — and left it at that.

Following the last of Prof. Leibowitz's ominous vibrations came the "Hello, boys and girls" manner of Rabbi Haim Pardes, who spoke about a Halachic problem: Should Hanukka candles be lit from right to left or from left to right? But then, anyone who follows Prof. Leibowitz is a bit of a letdown.

IN THE MIDST of philosophical and historical bog, the minor matter of bureaucratic red tape seemed like firm ground. Army Radio gave us *Kav Patuah* ("Open Line") on Monday at 4.10 p.m. — a call-in programme which this week featured Yoel Papir, director of the Citizens' Advisory Service (*Sherut Ye'utz La'ezrah*). The service, attached to the Ministry of Welfare but manned by volunteers, helps individuals find the right address in dealing with public institutions. Questions ranged from programmes for the education of mothers who want to give their children more than clean clothes and good food to how to have a bothersome public telephone removed from the lobby of an apartment building. In all cases, Papir knew whom to turn to, either in a ministry or in his service's own extensive network of offices. (The central office is at 11, Rehov David Hamalech in Jerusalem, Tel. 02-233849.)

Bureaucracy is much worse in the Swedish welfare state, according to Amnon Ahi-Naomi, the radio veteran, who is presenting a series of programmes with his wife on their stay in that country (Second Programme, Friday at 5.05 p.m.) His voice, which too often verges on the shrill, is not especially suitable for broadcasting, and his wife is too well cued in answering to his "Isn't that right, dear?" But it was worth hearing what they had to say about the boredom of a paradise in which all the coats in the theatre check-room are the same colour. It took them nearly six months to get a washing machine that functioned — in the land of equality and technical specialization. A land in which, Amnon alleges, only seven people studied philosophy in the universities in 1973, and Ingmar Bergman was considered irrelevant until he filmed "Scenes from a Marriage." Something to keep in mind while treading the bog.

CALEB'S COLUMN

N.David Gross

A judge's portrait

"HE CAN BE compared with Moses our Master," the candidate rabbi's recommendation ran, "and with Moses Mendelssohn, and even with the Almighty Himself." After he had served a week in the post, his new congregants wrote angrily to the referees:

"The man is hopeless. How could you have described him in such adulatory terms?"

"You didn't understand," they replied. "What we meant was that, like Moses our Master, he stammers; like Moses Mendelssohn, he's a hunchback, and as the Almighty *ist kein mensch*, so is he no *mensch*."

Benzion Shereshevsky, newly elevated to the Supreme Court from the presidency of the Jerusalem District Court, would never have presented potential employers with such a reference, even though he presents other similarities to both Moses.

When the *Post's* night editor looked for a photograph to accompany the news item on Judge Shereshevsky's nomination, he found that the paper's archives did not have one. He phoned the judge's home to ask if he might borrow one for reproduction. He was told that the family could not oblige: the judge "is averse to publicity." Veteran staff members could not recall a similar occurrence — a man holding a public office not eager to see his own picture in the paper and unwilling to let others see it!

I HAVE SINCE learned that this is typical of Justice Shereshevsky. What he has in common with Moses is not any deformation of speech, but extraordinary humility; his likeness to the translator of the Bible into German is not physical (Shereshevsky is tall and upright) but lies in his passion for learning, as well as a common country of birth. A former colleague on the bench described him to me as "very human." As a District Court judge with vast experience in civil law, and as author of a standard text book on family law, he has his feet firmly on the ground and he walks as a man among men.

Walking it is. Austere in his private life, the hard-working judge does not have a car, but uses buses or Shanks' mare. On his becoming President of the District Court, the Jerusalem bar wished to hold a reception in his honour. He adamantly refused. One of the most respected of Jerusalem lawyers told me, almost as a statement of fact, that Justice Shereshevkay is one of the 36 Righteous Ones of the generation.

IN HIS WORK on the bench, Shereshevsky resembles Moses' brother, Aaron the Peacemaker, rather than the impetuous Lawgiver himself. Aaron, we are told, would run from one disputant in a quarrel to the other, telling each that the other wanted to apologize and end the feud; he would then bring the two together, whereupon both would happily settle their dispute. So Shereshevsky has striven with limitless patience to persuade litigants to come to mutually acceptable terms.

Unlike his brother Shimon, who advocates a dovish stand on national affairs, the judge has studiously avoided all contact with practical politics. Observant in religion, he makes learning his extra-mural preoccupation.

I hope all this does no more than embarrass His Honour at the most. After all, I may one day find myself before him as a litigant or appellant. Let me, against that contingency, declare here and now that I am sure all his fellow-benchers are likewise learned in the law, wise and human, industrious and modest, even if they don't object to having their photos published in the papers.

BIBLICAL BYWAYS

L.I. Rabinowitz

Protesting overmuch

SOME YEARS AGO, Mr. Cecil Hyman told me a delightful story which he had read in a biography of the late Rabbi Stephen Wise. During a conversation with Sigmund Freud, the psychoanalyst asked him to name whom he considered to be the six most distinguished Jews in the United States. Wise proceeded to enumerate them, but did not include his own name. "What about yourself, Rabbi Wise?" asked Freud. "No, no, no, no," answered Wise, who was not generally known for his modesty. Commented Freud, "Had you merely said, 'No!' I might have believed you. But your emphatic repetition is evidence that you don't mean it."

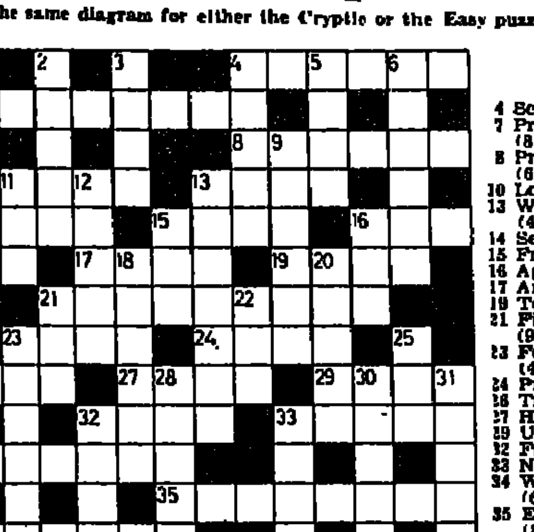
"Cecil," I said, "you have given me the answer to a well-known Midrash which has often puzzled me. Joseph is usually referred to as *Yosef Ha-Tzaddik*, Joseph the Righteous, in rabbinical literature. It is commonly assumed that that epithet is given to him because he resisted the seductive importunities of Potiphar's wife. According to the letter of the Biblical narrative, his refusal to submit to her wiles was unhesitating; yet the rabbis go out of their way to emphasize that he was in fact on the point of succumbing but there appeared before him the vision of his father Jacob, and it was that which finally deterred him and kept him on the path of rectitude.

WHENCE do the rabbis deduce this qualification of the absolute righteousness of Joseph?

The story about Stephen Wise provides the answer. The traditional cantillation of the Bible requires that the word translated "And he refused" — a word which literally means "He was a *nein-sager*, a sayer of 'no'," should be chanted with the note called a *shalshelet*, literally "a chain," as it is the longest and most drawn-out note of all. It has the effect of transforming the simple word meaning, "and he said 'no' " into "and he said, 'No, no, no, no!' " and long before Freud, the rabbis realized that this was a case of "Methinks he protesteth overmuch." Joseph might in fact have succumbed; it was the vision of his father which tilted the balance in favour of self-restraint.

TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Cryptic or the Easy puzzle.



CRYPTIC PUZZLE

ACROSS

4 Somewhat distressing pressure (6)
7 Money not easily come by? (4, 4)
8 Mostly long shape rounded at one end (6)
10 A lighter Alf returns to me (5)
13 Officer about to get an increase (4)
14 Artful phony? (4)
15 Ancient Roman flagellation circle (4)
16 One ready to spread? (3)
17 Run or back in a race (4)
19 Top copy letter (4)
21 Historic actor? (9)
23 Anna had 12 of these to eat (4)
24 The ultimate in salt-shakers (4)
26 Is its dinner all done up in a pet way? (3)
27 It carried weight in the ancient world (4)
29 Bone turned black! (4)
32 A race to make you sweat (4)
33 Old woman making a oncer (5)
34 Begs from Ed's pal (6)
35 It's for amusement only (8)
36 Question intensively about cooking? (6)

DOWN

1 Banter from the jolly miller? (5)
2 Snooker [illegible] (6)
3 Race to [illegible] (4)
4 Tip in more ways than one (6)
5 Character of a redhead reformed in Leo (4)
6 Sinful b[illegible] of grammar! (6)
9 American girls in Norfolk (6)
11 Wash [illegible] round (3)
12 Length of a short line, about? [illegible]
13 He goes sailing with a friend a lot (7)
15 Restful part of Scotland (3)
16 For each audible purr (3)
18 Reserve man dropped from the team (6)
20 Borough man (5)
21 A glutton for pork? (3)
22 Any-way, no! (3)
23 Where's that tree? (6)
25 He has a lot on (3)
28 Does filing work, roughly speaking (5)
30 They no longer come down, but still go up (5)
31 At no time near embracing a girl (5)
32 Building of fame? (4)
33 It's smart to take the short route East (4)

EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS

4 Season (6)
7 Precious stone (8)
8 Proclamations (6)
10 Loud cry (5)
13 Waterside plant (4)
14 Search (4)
15 Fraction (4)
16 Aged (3)
17 Amphibian (4)
19 Totals (4)
21 Filled with fear (9)
23 Female garment (4)
24 Prison room (4)
26 Track circuit (3)
27 Happy (4)
29 Useless (4)
32 Face (4)
33 Narrow shelf (5)
34 Witch groups (6)
35 Exciting book (8)
36 Packing-cases (6)

DOWN

1 Bag (5)
2 Citrus fruit (5)
3 Close (4)
4 Navigate (5)
5 Female servant (4)
6 Praises highly (6)
9 Item (6)
11 Embrace (3)
12 Complete (5)
13 Basic (7)
15 Equality of value (3)
16 Not matching (3)
18 Source (6)
20 Dig deep (5)
21 Bathroom fitting (3)
22 Nourished (3)
23 Relish (6)
25 Farmyard animal (3)
28 Endures (5)
30 Grown-up (5)
31 Approaches (5)
32 Skilful (4)
33 Deposited (4)

Wednesday's Cryptic solution

ACROSS.—1, Parrot. 7, I'm-mine-NT. 8, Mule(train). 10, Plate-R. 11, Futile. 14, Yen. 16, Me-t-al. 17, Trod. 18, Pure-E. 21, Get on. 22, Ma-Ted. 23, Cart. 26, Petal. 28, Do-g. 29, Ar-able. 30, Bi-neds. 31, Amos. 32, All-owing(Al-lowing). 33, Scrump.

DOWN.—1, (glove)Puppet. 2, Routed. 3, Ti-ER. 4, Bitumen. 5, Me-rit. 6, Steel. 8, May-O. 9, Len. 12, Tee(shirt). 13, L-ate-R. 15, Outer. 18, Rider. 19, P-et. 20, Rod. 21, Gallows. 22, M-AB. 23, Copper. 24, Ages. 25, Toss-up. 26, Pagan. 27, Table. 28, Dim. 30, Bags.

Wednesday's Easy solution

ACROSS.—1, Superb. 7, Optional. 8, Bill. 10, Elated. 11, Retire. 14, Rod. 16, Roles. 17, Spor. 19, Early. 21, Annoy. 22, Audit. 23, Land. 26, Plait. 28, Fir. 29, Seldom. 30, Wavers. 31, Idea. 32, Linesman. 33, Geyser.

DOWN.—1, Sweets. 2, Editor. 3, Bold. 4, Miserly. 5, Snail. 6, Flies. 8, Bare. 9, Led. 12, Toy. 13, Reign. 15, Panic. 18, Eagle. 19, End. 20, Rot. 21, Autopsy. 22, Aid. 23, Livery. 24, Area. 25, Duster. 26, Psalm. 27, Alone. 28, Pod. 30, Wing.

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON MONDAY

BRIDGE

By George Levinrew

TALE OF THE DECEITFUL MAID

N—S Vul

North (D)
♠ K 4 2
♡ A K J
◊ Q J
♣ A Q J 6 3

West
♠ A J 9 6 3
♡ Q 8 5 4
◊ 9 3
♣ K 10

East
♠ Q 10 7
♡ 10 7 3
◊ 10 7
♣ 9 8 5 4 2

South
♠ 8 5
♡ 9 6 2
◊ A K 8 6 5 4 2
♣ 7

The bidding:

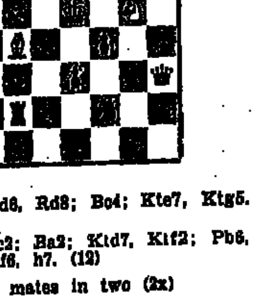
North	South
2♣	2◊
2NT	3◊
4♣	4◊
4♡	6◊

Catherine Coudon, a famous Parisienne model, bamboozled Shaufel of our national team into losing a slam contract in the open pairs tournament of the Festival. She was defending in the West seat. The opening lead with the spade ace won the first trick. Then without hesitation the club 10 was led. Shaufel was concerned about a potentially losing heart. Surely it seemed unwise to risk the contract by taking a finesse with the club king likely by the lead to be in the East hand. So the trick was won with the ace in dummy. Now the question remained how to avoid the loss of a heart trick. The heart finesse might work a 50% chance; a long club might be established to provide for the discard of a heart — better than a 50% chance, and there were enough entries in the dummy to do this; but best of all was the near certainty of forcing the club king by playing the queen and establishing the jack for the wanted discard of the heart.

So trump were pulled and the club queen was played. East played low. Shaufel unaware of the danger discarded a heart and the roof fell in when Miss Coudon with her charming smile produced the club king. So she takes back to Paris the model of a beautiful play.

CHESS / Eliahu Shahaf

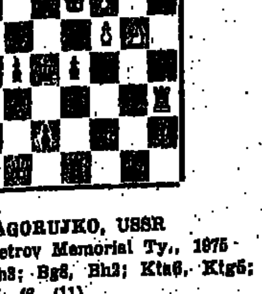
Problem No. 2669
V. BROKHIN, S. SHEDEI, USSR
1st Pr., Petrov Memorial Ty., 1975



Kc7; Qb4; Rd6, Rd8; Bc4; Kte7, Ktg5. (7)
Ke5; Qh3; Rc2; Ba2; Ktd7, Ktf2; Pb6, c6, e3, f4, f6, h7. (12)

White mates in two (2x)

Problem No. 2670



L. ZAGORUJKO, USSR
2nd Pr., Petrov Memorial Ty., 1975
Kf8; Qe6; Rh3; Bg8, Bh2; Kta6, Ktg6; Pa5, b2, f5, f6. (11)
Kd4; Qd1; Rb5, Re1; Ba8, Bb8; Ktb6; Pc4, c7, d2, e4. (11)

White mates in three (3x)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 2665 (Petite), 1.Qf2!; 1.Ktd8? Q:c5! Problem No. 2666 (Ahlheim). 1.Bh7 b6 2.Re5 Kc1 3.Re1+ Kb2 4.Ktf5 Kc2 5.Kth4+ Kb2 6.Ktg6 Kc2 7.Kte5+.

NEWS BRIEFS

AMIR MEMORIAL TOURNAMENT. The traditional tournament held in Kibbutz Amir in memory of the fallen sons was won by senior master Meir Rom of Haifa with 9 points out of 9 games, ahead of Yehuda Grinfeld 8, Moshe Hershberg 7, etc. Forty four players from Dan to Eilat took part in the event.

FINANCIAL ERROR. James D. Slater, the English millionaire, who gained fame in the chess world in 1972 when he tossed in $125,000 of his own money to persuade Bobby Fischer to meet Boris Spassky for the world title, resigned recently from his post as chairman and director of his conglomerate. Two years ago Slater decided that the economic hard times dictated a radical shift in strategy — namely, the rapid accumulation of cash by selling off shares, businesses and properties. The move proved to be a wrong one and Slater had to bow out. Maybe he should have consulted Bobby before making his decisive move.

OLYMPIC COMPOSING TOURNEY. The Israel Chess Federation announces an international composing tourney for twomovers, threemovers, helpmates in two and studies dedicated to the 22nd Olympiad. Entries (not more than three by each composer) should be addressed to: I.C.F., P.O.B. 21143, Tel Aviv, marked "Olympic Tourney." Closing date: June 30, 1976.

ZONAL TOURNAMENTS. A. Matanovic (Yugoslavia) and F. Gheorghiu (Rumania) qualified for the Interzonal by winning jointly the Vratz zonal tournament. Moshe Czerniak, haunted by bad luck and indisposed, finished third from the bottom. In Pula, Yugoslavia, I. Czom of Hungary got the first entry ticket. N. Padevsky (Bulgaria) and U. Andersson (Sweden) will hold a play-off match to decide the fate of the second entry ticket.

ALEKHINE MEMORIAL TOURNAMENT

Queen's Gambit

R. VAGANIAN — G. FORINTOS

1.d4 Ktf6 2.c4 e6 3.Ktf3 d5 4.Ktc3 Be7 5.Bf4 0-0 6.e3 Ktbd7 7.Qc2 c6 8.c:d Kt:d5 9.Kt:d5 e:d 10.Bd3! Bb4+ 11.Ke2 Ktf6 12.Kte5 Re8 13.g4 g6 14.Rag1 Bd6 15.h4 c5 16.h5 c:d 17.h:g B:e5 18.g5! Bg4+ 19.R:g4! Rc8 20.g:h+ Rc8 21.B:e5 R:e5 22.g:f R:c2+ 23.B:c2 d3+ 24.B:d3 Re8 25.Rhg1. Black resigns.

SOLNOK 1975

Former world champion V. Smyslov won the international tournament in Solnok, Hungary, with 9½ points, unbeaten. Here is an interesting game from the event.

Volga Gambit

I. ZAITZEV — P. BENKO

1.d4 Ktf6 2.c4 c5 3.d5 b5 4.c:b a6 5.Ktc3 a:b 6.e4 b4 7.Ktb5 d6 8.Ktf3 Ktbd7 9.Bf Kth5 10.Bg5 Kthf6 11.Qe2 Ra5! 12.e5 Ba6 13.e:f B:b5 14.f:e B:e7 15.B:e7 Q:e7 16.Q:e7+ K:e7 17.B:b5 R:b5 18.0-0 Ktb6 19.Rfe1+ Kd7 20.a4! b:a 21.R:a3 Ra8 22.Rea3 Kt:d5 23.Rd3 c4 24.Rd4 Rc8 25.Red1 Rc-c5 26.h4? (Kf1!) R:b2! and White resigned in a few moves.

THE BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Kg1; Qf8; Rc1, Rf1; Kte4; Pb2, c3, d5, h2. (8). Black — Ke5; Qe7; Ra7, Rh8; Ktd7; Pa6, d6, e5, g6, h7. (10).

1.Qa8 Ktc5 2.Rf6! Kt:e4 3.Re6 0-0 4.R:e7 R:e7 5.Rf1 R:f1+ 6.K:f1 Rf7 7.Ke1 Rb7 8.b4 Rc7 9.Qd8 Ktf6 10.Q:a6 R:c2 11.Q:d6. Black resigns/11. — Rc1+ 12.Ke2! Rc2+ 13.Kd1 Rd2+ 14.Kc1! (Gipslis-Padevsky, Vrnacka Banja, 1975).

FALSE COMBINATION

White — Kg1; Rb5; Pa2, b2, b3, f2, g2. (7). Black — Kg6; Rh8; Pa7, g3. (4). 1. — Rh1+ 2.K:h1 g:f 3.Rf5! K:f5 4.g4+, and Black had to resign.